

The Outlook

SEPTEMBER 26, 1923

QUESTION OF NEWS

THESE are stirring times. During the week which ended on September 14 the leading papers of New York City found it necessary, in the discussion of world events, to devote an amazing amount of space to a single topic. In seven days the conservative New York "Evening Post" (conservative at least in its literary style) gave some twenty columns of its space to this affair. The conservative "Times" (conservative both in style and editorial views) doubled the "Evening Post's" allowance with one column to spare. The New York morning "World," which attempts to straddle the gap between the highbrows and lowbrows, added two more columns to the score of the "Times." The New York "American" went the "World" five columns better—or worse, depending upon the point of view of the reader. And the "Tribune," once the pulpit of Horace Greeley, outdid the "American" by two columns, or forty-nine columns in all. We had the "Evening Journal" on our list for examination, but when the

record was disclosed we discovered credited to the "Journal" a complete absence of any information on the historic occasion under discussion. Questioning, however, brought out the fact that it was the "Journal of Commerce" which had been examined, and not the "Evening Journal," and the astonishing entry upon the credit or debit sheet of American journalism was explained.

We may now disclose the fact that the event in the discussion was not the Japanese earthquake, the revolution in Spain, the Italian imbroglio, nor even the League of Nations. It was an event of even shorter duration than that which shook the cities of Tokyo and Yokohama into ruin. It was the passage into temporary oblivion of one Señor Angelo Firpo at the hands of a gentleman described by the announcer, Mr. Humphries, as "our own Jack Dempsey, champion of the world." Remembering Mr. Dempsey's record at the time of the World's Championship of 1917 and 1918, we are not sure how large a section of that "our" we desire to claim. But we certainly have

no desire to criticise the journalistic sense of the newspapers which devoted so large a part of their space to Mr. Dempsey's most recent achievement.

The fight itself drew forth, on the following day, from the "Evening Post" six columns of space, from the "Times" eleven, from the "Tribune" twenty, from the "American" twenty-six, and from the "World" twenty-nine—a very fair representation, we think, of the actual interest which the American people took in the fight for the heavyweight championship of the world.

Those who are seeking to reform the boxing game, and it certainly needs reform in many particulars, will simply butt their heads against the stone wall of human nature if they ignore the fact that both men and women delight in the drama of physical combat. It is perfectly easy to point out that men like Dempsey contribute very much less to human welfare than many professors whose life earnings are less than Dempsey's income tax in a single year. The physical perfection of Mr. Dempsey is a much more inter-

STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM, THESE PEOPLE ARE NOT STRUGGLING TO GET INTO A LECTURE ON DIFFERENTIAL CALCULUS. IT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MR. FIRPO AND MR. DEMPSEY WHICH HAS EXCITED THEM



(C) Keystone

esting topic of conversation than the intellectual perfection of the professor, and people will pay most for what interests them most. Possibly some day we can make intellectual achievement as exciting and as dramatic as a blow to the chin. Until that time we fear that our professors will find that their incomes bear about the same relation to the income of boxers which they do in this year of advanced civilization styled 1923.

THE FIUME TROUBLE

WHEN it was reported from Rome that Italy intended to take decisive action on September 15 about Fiume, the belief was general that annexation was meant. But up to September 18 no such decisive action has been taken, and it seems probable that the matters in dispute between Italy and Yugoslavia may be settled by negotiation, or by reference to the World Court, or by the arbitration of the President of Switzerland as provided by the Treaty of Rapallo.

Fiume was made a Free State after d'Annunzio's spectacular occupation of the place was ended by the Italian Government. The ejection of d'Annunzio in 1919 was followed by the Treaty of Rapallo in 1920. In this treaty Italy and Yugoslavia agreed that Fiume should be a Free State, that Yugoslavia should have Susak (an adjoining town) and the port of Barro as a part of Susak, while Italy should have a connecting strip or "corridor" along the sea.

What is happening now is that Italy wants to change the Treaty of Rapallo and to have Susak and Barro included with Fiume under the government of a mixed commission—never a very satisfactory arrangement. Fiume has a very large Italian population and its people are alleged to be in distress, "starving," one account says, because of the commercial advantages gained under the Treaty by the Yugoslavs.

The anti-Italian press of Belgrade, the Serbian capital, represents the report from Italy as part of an imperialistic policy ascribed to Mussolini; on the other hand, French papers say that Mussolini offers Yugoslavia full control of its own ports and is striving only to make Fiume strong enough to live. A commission of Italians and Yugoslavs has been trying to settle the trouble for months, but apparently its conclusions satisfy nobody.

In all this dispute Italy's object is to strengthen her commercial position in the northern Adriatic Sea. There

seems to be no need of military aggression on her part, and there is general hopefulness that no rash or inconsiderate measures will result from the present *impasse* in negotiation.

COAL: WHO SHALL PAY THE HIGHER WAGES?

THE National Retail Coal Dealers Association in a meeting during the past week at Washington, and the New York State Retail Coal Dealers Association, which met at Albany on the same day, joined in vehement denunciation of Governor Pinchot, of Pennsylvania, because of his statement to the country, upon the recent settlement of the anthracite strike, that the ten per cent increased wage cost ought not to fall upon the consumer but to be absorbed by the dealers and distributors and by lessened transportation cost.

The vehemence of the criticism shrinks or should shrink perceptibly in the face of the recent report of the Coal Commission, which threw a searchlight upon what happens to the consumer's dollar paid for coal. It appears that while both wholesale and retail prices of stove coal doubled between 1913 and 1920, in common with commodities generally, the prices of other commodities have moved backward nearly half-way toward the pre-war level, while anthracite wholesale and retail prices continue to hold their own. Also it appears that out of the consumer's dollar paid for coal, from a quarter to a third goes everywhere to the dealers or distributors, about a quarter to the railways, and about half to the mine.

There appears also to be a wide variation in dealers' profits, not only between cities but in the same city. It is discovered also that there has been a continuing and general increase in dealers' margins in the last five years. And, altogether most damaging of all, it is revealed that dealers who are favorably situated with respect to sources of supply, no matter whether their business methods are more efficient than others' or not, may profit far beyond their deserts by charging prices set by other dealers less favorably situated whose margin of profit over cost is small.

There is so good an argument for co-operative or municipal distribution of coal hidden in the facts about dealers' profits unearthed by the Coal Commission that it behooves the dealers, both National and State, not to show too much heat at Governor Pinchot's suggestion for the benefit of

the consumer, but rather to turn their energies to perfecting the present system of distribution if the present system of private wholesale and retail dealers is to continue.

AMERICAN LAWLESSNESS

RECENTLY in an editorial called "Gangsters and the Law" we referred among other things to the report made to the American Bar Association at its meeting in Minneapolis and to Chief Justice Taft's remark there that "the administration of criminal law in the United States is a disgrace to civilization."

The full report of the Bar Association's Committee contains such valuable finding of fact and such weighty expressions of concern and suggestions of remedy from distinguished jurists and publicists that we are sure our readers will be glad to know more about the report and the comments on the situation from these judges and lawyers.

While the Committee regards the legal profession and the judiciary partly responsible for the dangerous growth of violent lawlessness in the United States, it holds the American people themselves as the chief offenders:

Only a belief that nothing can be accomplished without a full realization of the situation by the American people impels us to present the figures and statistics embodied in this report and to call the attention of this Association to the striking contrast existing as between the situation relative to crime in America and in these two countries [France and England] of Europe. Behind every defect in the enforcement of our laws, more dangerous than any fault in the machinery of the law, more powerful than any other factor in accounting for the number of crimes committed in this country, is the apathy and indifference of the American people. The first great work to be accomplished in bringing about a better enforcement of the law must be the awakening of the public to a clear sense of the situation and of their responsibility for it. Improvement in our laws can accomplish little unless accompanied by a determination on the part of our citizens to have those laws enforced.

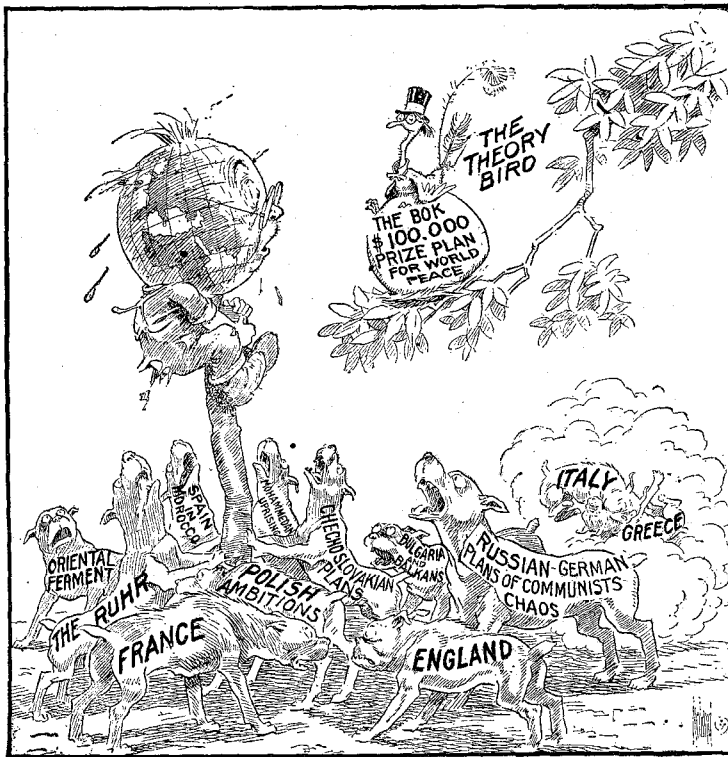
CAUSE AND REMEDIES

THE larger portion of the interesting pamphlet in which the Committee makes its report is given up to the opinions on the situation and its remedies from distinguished judges and lawyers in all parts of the country. The limits of space prevent any summarizing of these opinions, interesting as they are, but a few sentences

THEY ARE SUCH A GENTLE NATION

(Comedy of Errors, Act IV, Scene 4)

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch



FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE, CAN'T YOU HURRY?

From Midshipman P. H. Ramsey, U. S. N. A., Annapolis, Md.

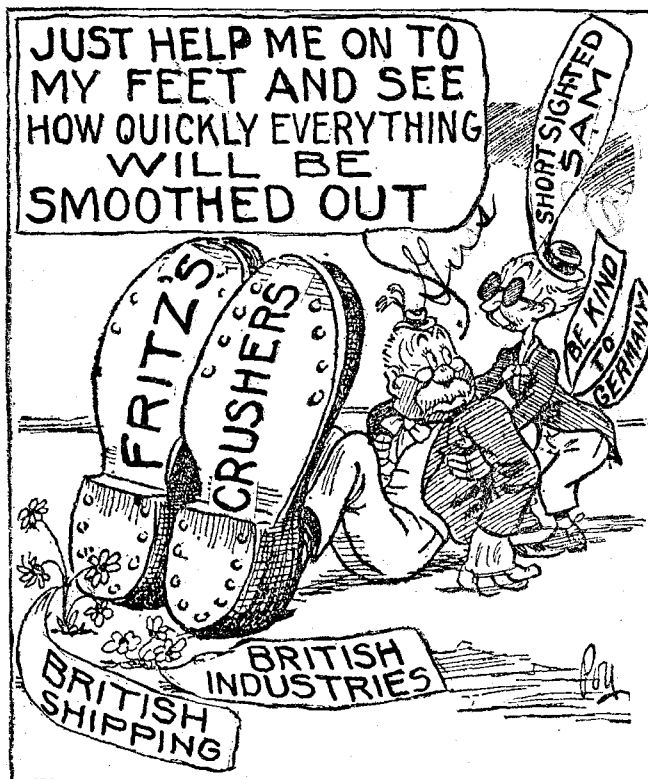
Darling in the New Haven Evening Register



IF LYNCH LAW IS RIGHT, THEN ITALY IS JUSTIFIED

From Oliver D. Sewall, Dedham, Mass.

From the London Evening News



HIS "SOLE" IDEA

From G. Q. Tyson, Berlin, N. J.

Gale in the Los Angeles Times



"—AND THE GOOSE HANGS HIGH!"

From Mrs. Eleanor Armour, South Pasadena, Cal.

here and there as they strike the eye of a layman may be quoted. Justice Sutherland, of the United States Supreme Court, says: "Long delay has become the almost universal rule, and criminal cases are finally disposed of after such a lapse of time that people forget what it is all about. . . . The principal reform needed is in the direction of getting rid of procedural red tape and speeding up the process of law administration, and this, I am sure, can be done without any sacrifice of accuracy." In the opinion of Judge Charles M. Hough, United States Circuit Court of Appeals, "the most important courts are those of first instance, and they are frequently courts not of record. Unless the personnel of these courts in our country be improved, and greatly improved, all else will fail. It may be possible to get along fairly well with courts of appeal officered by scholars, perhaps even when composed of legal hermits; but courts which are face to face with the public daily are worse than useless unless their authority is by law great, and unless that authority is enforced by men who are at once good lawyers, good citizens, acquainted with the world, and possessed of native vigor." The view of Herbert Parsons, of the New York bar, will be applauded by every citizen who has tried his hand at law enforcement: "The leniency shown to criminals places too great a burden upon the individual citizen if he tries to secure law enforcement. He must get a policeman to make the arrest, accompany the criminal to the magistrate, attend the hearing the next day, possibly attend adjournments secured so as to tire him out, attend before the Grand Jury and the trial before General Sessions, attend probably a number of times, as District Attorneys' offices are not overcareful in saving the time of witnesses, and on the man's conviction see him receive a suspended sentence. Life is too short for that much trouble for the little result." Chief Justice Teller, of the Colorado Supreme Court, remarks: "I think we have gone too far in sustaining technicalities in criminal trials. . . . Punishment for crimes will act as a deterrent only in proportion as it is prompt and certain. In these respects we are far behind other English-speaking peoples." William Draper Lewis, Dean of the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania, observes: "We are prone as a people to put entirely too much emotion and too little scientific observation into the enforcement of law. . . . When a man is con-

victed of a crime, a lot of well-meaning and emotional people clamor to get him out. Compare, for instance, the treatment given to a titled Englishman when sentenced to jail, and a corresponding class of man in this country. In England he is treated as an ordinary criminal; in most of our American jails he is treated as a preferred boarder." Judge MacFarlane, of the Pittsburgh Court of Common Pleas, is of the opinion that "until the Home becomes an Institute of Morals . . . crime will continue unabated; the urgent need of our day is home-grown reverence for law."

Those who have tried to do their duty intelligently as jurymen will sympathize with Mr. G. B. Rose, a lawyer of Little Rock, Kansas: "I think the principal reason of the failure to enforce the law is the provision in most of our American constitutions that the judges shall not comment upon the evidence, nor give the jurors the benefit of their views upon the merits of the case. In England and in Canada and in the Federal Courts, where the judges have not been reduced to mere figureheads, the law is very well enforced and much respected. Another cause is the foolish rule that nobody who knows anything about the case shall be allowed to sit upon the jury. If the case is of any notoriety, every one is disqualified except extremely ignorant and unsuitable jurors, or else men who go into the jury box perjuring themselves, with the intention to acquit the criminal."

POLITICAL, EDUCATIONAL, AND SPIRITUAL HELP

PROFESSOR WILLISTON, of the Harvard University Law School, believes that some of the evils of law enforcement are due to an inadequately paid and elective, and therefore political, judiciary; and Professor Dunmore, of the Western Reserve University, also believes in an appointive judiciary: "One of the greatest of the feasible reforms is more care in the selection of the men who practice before the courts. We cannot expect the right kind of judges with an inferior bar. The judges, too, should be appointed for such length of time as to remove them from constant participation in politics." This is also the view of Mr. Charles Carey, of the bar of Portland, Oregon, who believes that the inefficiency of law enforcement in this country as compared with other English-speaking countries "is due, in great measure, to the fact that most of the States of the

Union have an elective judiciary. Attorney-General Barrett, of Missouri, believes that "the most important factor of all is the unnecessary technicalities in criminal procedure for the spectacle of helplessness which the State so often presents contribute largely not only to the indifference and apathy of the public, but also to the encouragement of crime."

And, finally, two distinguished authorities regard education as the fundamental remedy. Dean Bates, of the University of Michigan Law School, ascribes the failure of law enforcement partly to "the absurd obsession of the American people that all evils can be cured by the enactment of law. We have, as you know, carelessly and unscientifically framed masses of legislation pouring from forty-nine jurisdictions in almost uninterrupted streams. . . . I see no promising remedy in sight except that which comes through the various processes of education; and [here the Dean indulges in a very pertinent *obiter dictum*] education itself, especially in the schools and colleges of liberal arts, needs overhauling."

The last quotation which we shall make from the quasi-legal document, which we have been reviewing, and which we have found of deep interest, is not a pronouncement of a bishop or minister of the Church, but is the opinion of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of South Carolina and seems to us, therefore, to have more than ordinary significance. In reply to the Committee's request for his view of the remedy for the prevailing laxity in the observance and enforcement of the law in this country Chief Justice Gary replies: "Neither this country nor any other nation can hope to solve its problems until there is a change of heart, and the spiritual quality becomes the dominating influence through the adoption of the Golden Rule."

ART AT STATE FAIRS

THE typical fine arts department at State fairs in this country was long such as to repel any one with serious art interests, but a change for the better is now apparent. About ten years ago Charles A. Cumming, head of the art department of the State University of Iowa, began to organize the art exhibits of the Iowa State Fair and to make them matters of genuine art value and significance. Modest prizes were given for paintings, drawings, designs, and various sorts of handcraft, and standards of real merit were set up. For the last three years

hio has brought to the fine arts department of her State Fair a most editable showing of the work of painters and craftsmen throughout the state, and has also exhibited a loan collection of the best modern American paintings. Such displays are now becoming typical instead of the indiscriminate assortment of crudities that once characterized State fair art.

Improved standards of art teaching in the public schools are reflected in this movement. But its chief significance lies in the fact that artists and art patrons are beginning to realize the value of such vast community gatherings for the spread of better art deals, and State fair managers and visitors are showing an interest in what the artists have to offer. All real art must have a universality of appeal that makes it an essentially democratic thing. Yet an appreciation of the best in art requires familiarity with good pictures and other forms of art expression. It is through this informal familiarity rather than through formal instruction that honest, individual enjoyment of art is developed. The State fairs are a natural avenue through which to present the best work of established artists and to encourage the efforts of art students. They afford too direct and valuable an art opportunity to be neglected.

THE SMITHSONIAN'S JOBS

WHEN James Smithson, an Englishman, almost one hundred years ago bequeathed his fortune for the establishment in the United States of an institution whose purpose should be the "increase and diffusion of knowledge among men," it is doubtful if he realized, even remotely, to what an increasing and almost unlimited degree his wishes would be carried out. One of the latest publications of the Smithsonian Institution, a brief report just issued, relates in concise, unostentatious manner something of the world-wide activities of the organization.

Ever since the foundation of the Institution in 1847, co-operation has been its motto. A large part of its work has been carried on in conjunction with other organizations. It has furnished materials for investigation as gift or loan, or for teaching purposes; it has furnished facilities and personal assistance; in some instances it has supplied funds for experiment or exploration; it has aided through conference and advice freely given to all seekers after knowledge who sought it; and no insignificant portion of the funds and energies of the In-



International

KING ALFONSO OF SPAIN—HE DOES NOT
APPEAR TO BE SKATING ON THIN ICE

stitution have been devoted to the publication of works of scientific and educational value from the sale of which no satisfactory financial return could be anticipated.

The Smithsonian Institution has given its co-operation in expeditions into practically all parts of the world; and through its international exchange service it spreads to all the nations of the world the information which it gathers. Its exchange system, established early in the history of the Institution, at first purely as a channel for the interchange of scientific publications and specimens, has proved to be a great benefit to the scientific institutions of the world, and incidentally to Congress in building up the unequaled collection of works of reference deposited in the Congressional Library in Washington. In this international exchange service alone the Smithsonian Institution last year handled nearly 400,000 packages, weighing almost 600,000 pounds, from and to all parts of the world.

Co-operating during the war with the chemical warfare service of the American army, Dr. Paul Bartsch, one of the Smithsonian's experts, demonstrated a method by which the garden slug could be used as a poison gas detector. One work in which the Smithsonian is co-operating is the preparation of a complete study of North American flora, which will comprise thirty-four

volumes. The range of activities in which the Smithsonian Institution has assisted runs from fur-seal investigations in the North Pacific, a zoölogical expedition to the Altai Mountains of Siberia and Mongolia, and studies of the flora of South and Central America and Mexico, to extensive co-operative work with the Bureau of Plant Industry, the Biological Survey, the Forestry Bureau, the Fish Commission, the Geological Survey, and numerous other branches of the United States Government.

The Bureau of American Ethnology, which has done so much to throw light on and stimulate public interest in the various industries of the American aborigines and in their life in general and to aid in the preservation of the ruins of their former habitations, is one of many branches of the Smithsonian which have added greatly to the sum total of human knowledge.

THE NEW-STYLE REVOLUTION

GENERAL MIGUEL PRIMO RIVERA, Captain-General of Barcelona, has followed in Spain the example of Mussolini in Italy. By a bloodless revolution he has overthrown the Ministry while professing with evident sincerity his adherence to the King. His quarrel was neither with monarchy, nor with Spain's foreign policy, nor with industrial conditions. It was with the politicians. Parliament, Prime Minister (Señor Alcucemas), and Cabinet were inert, inactive, and indeterminate. So, with a mere show of force, he took control and established what might be called a military dictatorship, if it were not for Rivera's declaration that he meant to set up at once a constitutional form of government with a Ministry acceptable to King and country. King Alfonso is almost as popular in Spain as King Victor Emmanuel III is in Italy. Both monarchs showed their good sense by refusing to combat this new type of revolution by force of arms. The reason was the same in both cases—that each movement had behind it the desire of the people to make things better.

The old-type revolution meant internecine war; the new-style revolution means popular dissatisfaction coupled with the will to take hold and help. Such demonstrations would fail utterly and suddenly if they did not have strong public opinion behind them. The appeals to terror or violence of such modern ebullitions as the I. W. W.

and the K. K. K. fall flat because they cannot stand the light of publicity; they represent lawlessness plus bigotry, prejudice, or cruelty; whereas such movements as that of the Fascisti in Italy and the military element in Spain, while they may be outside the law, really do form a representative action of the people. The despatches abound in such statements as the following:

Order continues throughout Spain. The railroads and the public utilities are functioning normally.

The economic life of the country has not been disturbed by the military *coup d'état*.

General Rivera's proclamation says, "The clamor of the people for me gives me comfort and hope in developing my patriotic work." And as the inciting causes of the revolt he adduces "the immorality of the Government, its disastrous Moroccan policy, and its abandonment of public authority." Presumably by the phrase translated "immorality" General Rivera means lack of moral purpose as shown by inefficiency.

When the news came of a revolution in Barcelona the first impression to those who remember that city's record of insurgent industrialism and anarchy was that the Reds were in revolt. The reverse is the case, for one of Rivera's prime criticisms on the Government is that it has been lax and cowardly in punishing labor agitators and political extremists of the communist type who have been convicted of violence. His is insurrection against terrorism.

The Moroccan situation has been a festering political sore, and the army has bitterly resented the inaction of the politicians. Spain has long had an army in Morocco at least 100,000 in number, more than half the whole Spanish army. Yet the Arabs and Riffs, who two years ago seized Spanish forts and almost annihilated the garrisons, have never been defeated, although they have never had more than a fifth as many soldiers as Spain has put in the field. The army lays the blame on the Government, is disgusted with the whole affair, and regards it as military quixotism. General Rivera promises to push things promptly to a victorious conclusion and to restore Spain's military prestige and honor. Spain's experience with colonial administration has been one long story of national folly or weakness.

The present Spanish revolution did not spring directly from the people, and it certainly was not incited by or



P. & A. Photos

GENERAL PRIMO RIVERA

for the King; yet it seems to have behind it the tacit approval of both. It may clear the foggy atmosphere of Spanish politics and put much-needed vigor in administration of affairs.

MR. ANDERSON AND THE OUTLOOK

LAST week we published in The Outlook a letter from Mr. William H. Anderson, State Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of New York, taking issue with certain statements and opinions published in Outlook editorials.

We find this same letter published in "The American Issue" of September 8 with an editorial introduction by Mr. Anderson which may be of interest to our readers. This introduction is given a two-column head which reads: GROSS AND APPARENTLY WILFUL UNFAIRNESS ON THE PART OF THE OUTLOOK. This introduction reads as follows:

In this number we are cleaning up on the only two outstanding publications, religious, or of that tendency, which have apparently with animus, and certainly with gross unfairness, joined Tammany and the wets in an effort to discredit the management of the Anti-Saloon League, not only the Superintendent, but the Board of Directors, officially representing a large majority of the churches of the state.

We herewith reprint a letter sent to The Outlook with a request that it be published. After two weeks we received an acknowledgment and a statement that it would be printed if

condensed, although it was shorter than the untrue and misleading statements.

The apparently deliberate suppression of material facts, the unseemly haste to criticise, indicates some kind of influence that is not apparent on the surface but which leaves its tracks. This does not necessarily mean that The Outlook has deliberately set out to be unfair. It may mean only that it has perhaps with lack of discrimination allowed itself to be deceived to the point where it commits unfairness and feels righteous about it. Its feelings, however, do not obscure the fact.

The Outlook, as is well known, for long years after the churches were committed to prohibition, opposed it. Then it opposed it in the only practical, reasonable form. Then it did accept it and did declare for enforcement. The Outlook never did but one really constructive, helpful thing in the securing of prohibition, so far as we remember the record. It did declare strongly for local option and did back up the New York Anti-Saloon League program on that point, for which full and grateful acknowledgment was made at the time and since.

We haven't the space to print The Outlook's unfair statements in detail, but they are covered and answered by the subjoined letter.

In place of promptly printing this letter, which The Outlook prints in condensed form will not make amends for its unfairness, it did print in an issue late enough to have contained the subjoined letter, a dirty little letter by a retired Presbyterian preacher up-state who makes the false statement that the churches do not elect directors of the League or look over its accounts or in any way control its actions. We could say a lot of things about this particular preacher but it is enough to say that he worked hand in glove with and protected as dirty, crooked a bunch of wealthy wets as ever operated in any city in New York state, or ever retarded the growth of the church, and he has been guilty of repeated falsehoods as gross as this one that The Outlook prints.

We shall make no further effort to secure any kind of correction of falsehood in The Outlook until it prints the let- [sic].

But, if The Outlook continues this attitude we shall have some comment to make on its fall from belated grace on this question. We do not intend to permit any highbrow publication, under the guise of judicial poise to put over any wet propaganda and get away unexposed.

We may add that the issue of The Outlook which contains the letter from the minister of which Mr. Anderson complains was published on August 29. Mr. Anderson's revised letter is dated in "The American Issue" August 30. When it appeared in The Outlook it was dated August 13—the date of Mr. Anderson's original pro-

test, which would have filled, as we remember it, four or five columns of Outlook space. The Outlook published in full Mr. Anderson's letter as it appears in "The American Issue" in the earliest possible issue in which space could be found.

As Mr. Anderson now apparently accepts the revised form of his letter as a complete answer, from his point of view, to The Outlook's criticism, it does not appear that he has any reason to complain of our request for condensation, particularly as he can find no space to publish The Outlook's statements in "The American Issue."

The entirely courteous letter from the retired Presbyterian minister of which Mr. Anderson complains was sent in criticism, not in support, of The Outlook's position. We have received a letter from another correspondent protesting against the views of the retired Presbyterian preacher, which we are glad to publish. It is written in a form which we comment to Mr. Anderson's consideration:

In the current number of The Outlook, on page 278, appears a letter from the pen of the Rev. Ralph W. Brokaw, of Utica, New York. In this letter Dr. Brokaw asks "why the Anti-Saloon League says it *represents* the churches"? He then proceeds with an attack on the integrity of the League and a general denial of the fact of such representation.

The writer feels that Dr. Brokaw and the impression his note leaves in the minds of your readers should be corrected. To have been wounded in the house of one's friends is a very unhappy plight. It is greatly to be regretted that a clergyman of the Presbyterian Church, a Church wholly committed by its official utterances to the anti-saloon movement, should make so undeserved an attack upon what is very generally recognized by "the wets" as the most effective organization in this reform.

The writer is not at present in any official relation to the Anti-Saloon League. But for a number of years he was a member of the Board of Trustees for the State of Pennsylvania. During these years there were seventy-eight trustees serving. With the exception of about ten these trustees were elected by the various synods, councils, conferences, associations, etc., of the denominations represented. The ten trustees-at-large were elected at the annual meeting of the Board. Nearly every Protestant Church in the State named its own trustees, as noted above, through its own official organization. The State Board of Trustees elected five members to the National body, including the State superintendent. A carefully prepared report by the State superintendent and the six district superintendents was made to the annual meeting of the trustees. The State treasurer submitted an itemized and

audited report. The treasurer's report was audited by certified public accountants. These reports were printed and generally circulated among the churches of the State, and were open to any one desiring to read them.

The National organization and each State organization carries on its business in the same manner. From personal, intimate knowledge the writer knows the above to be true.

WILLIS K. CROSBY.

Oil City, Pennsylvania.

One of the striking features of almost all reform movements is the fact that those who are most zealous in a cause and those who are surest of the purity of their own motives are frequently the first to cast bitter aspersions upon the motives of those who are united with them in aim but who differ from them as to the best method by which the desired end may be attained.

Mr. Anderson at the present time is under an indictment which he lays to

a conspiracy on the part of Tammany politicians. We have every hope that this explanation of the indictment is the correct one, and that when Mr. Anderson is officially cleared of the charges there will be a reaction in New York State against those who are doing their best to cripple the efforts of the Government to uphold law and order. Mr. Anderson, by clearing himself of the charges against him, has a chance to arouse sympathy for the Anti-Saloon League. If it is openly proved by a jury verdict that the League has suffered political persecution, its position will be even stronger in the public mind than it would have been if the indictment had never been brought against Mr. Anderson.

Mr. Anderson in "The American Issue" brings one charge against The Outlook which will certainly never be brought against him—that of possessing judicial poise.

JOHN MARSHALL AND CONSTITUTION DAY

BY LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR OF THE OUTLOOK

ON the seventeenth of September, one hundred and thirty-six years ago, the group of Revolutionary patriots and statesmen, who had been at work for four months in Independence Hall in Philadelphia, finished their work, signed it and gave to the world one of the greatest documents of civilization—the American Constitution. It is quite proper that the seventeenth of September should be celebrated throughout the United States as Constitution Day, for the Constitution is the very foundation stone of our Republic. If it should ever cease to be revered and obeyed by a majority of American citizens, the Republic would fall in ruins. It is conceivable, of course, that some other form of government, some other phase of national life, might rise to take its place, but it would not be the United States of America as conceived by our Fathers. I do not know where to find, not even in James Bryce's monumental work, "The American Commonwealth," a better description of the Constitutional Convention than the following from the pen of an unknown writer in the "International Encyclopædia:"

There has been only one National Constitutional Convention in the United States—that which framed the Constitution; but the high character of this assemblage, the patriotic spirit and wisdom which animated it, and the astonishing success which

has attended its labors, have made it the immortal type of such gatherings. In the United States its members are revered as the "Fathers of the Constitution."

They should certainly be so revered. But there is one American statesman, not a member of the Convention, who deserves equal reverence with the "Fathers of the Constitution," for it was he who made of the splendid document a permanent and living thing. I mean John Marshall, the great Virginian who, by appointment of President Adams, took his seat on the bench as Chief Justice of the United States in January, 1801, in his forty-sixth year. He was not the first Chief Justice, for three men, John Jay of New York, John Rutledge of South Carolina, and Oliver Ellsworth of Connecticut, preceded him in that office. But he was the first *real* Chief Justice of the United States. It was his patience, tact, wisdom, and spotless integrity which created an international respect for the Supreme Court; and it was a momentous decision of his, in the famous case of Marbury vs. Madison, which made that Court the power that decides whether laws enacted by Congress and by State legislatures are valid or are null and void under the Constitution. This act alone gives him a commanding place among the great statesmen of all history. If

Washington may be said to have created the United States, Marshall may be said with equal truth to have made them a permanent Nation. For I do not think it is beyond the bounds of reasonable imagination to assert that if it had not been for his courageous and persistent upholding of National union and sovereignty against the bitter opposition of Jefferson and his followers who advocated State sovereignty and the doctrine of secession, the vast territory now covered by the United States would be broken up into a congeries of factional and quarreling republics, or would have been swallowed up by some one of the great transatlantic imperial powers. Other great American statesmen are remembered annually. Why should we not celebrate the memory of John Marshall each year on Constitution Day? By a happy coincidence the anniversary of his birth falls on September 24, just one week after Constitution Day. Without at all detracting from the honor which we pay to Benjamin Franklin, Alexander Hamilton, Roger Sherman, Robert Morris, and the other "revered Fathers of the Constitution," Marshall might appropriately be made the central figure around which the celebration of Constitution Day should revolve.

John Marshall was not only one of the wisest and ablest of American statesmen, but he was one of the most lovable. He had the dignity and the authority of Washington combined with the simplicity and human kindness of Lincoln. Yet it is singular that his name is probably less familiar to his countrymen than those of half a dozen founders of the Republic among whom he deserves to rank on equal terms. Perhaps this is because he is generally thought of as a great judge, and there is nothing romantic in the popular conception of great judges. They command respect but not affection. They have no political following. They do not perform deeds of physical valor. They appeal to the intellect rather than to the imagination.

A delightful story is told of Dr. Jowett, the Master of Balliol College, Oxford, and the famous translator of Plato. One evening at his dinner table his guests, among whom were two or three clergymen of the Church of England and two or three members of the English Bar, fell into a discussion as to which is the more honorable and distinguished office, that of a judge or that of a bishop. The lawyers claimed

that a judge is the more powerful, because he can say, "You be hanged." The clergymen asserted that a bishop exercises more power, because he can say, "You be damned." "Yes," commented the Rev. Dr. Jowett with the gentle irony that was characteristic of him, "but when a judge says 'You be hanged' you *are* hanged."

In spite of this power over life and death which John Marshall possessed by virtue of his office, he was the kindest and most sympathetic of men. Although he held some of the greatest positions of honor which his country could confer upon him, he was to the end of his long life simple, kindly, and genial in his social relations. He was a young lieutenant of Washington's army in the Revolutionary War, and one of his fellow-officers says of him:

He was the best-tempered man I ever knew. During his sufferings at Valley Forge nothing discouraged, nothing disturbed him. If he had only bread to eat, it was just as well; if only meat, it made no difference; if any of the officers murmured at their deprivations, he would shame them by good-natured raillery or encourage them by his own exuberance of spirits. He was an excellent companion, and idolized by the soldiers and his brother officers, whose gloomy hours were enlivened by his inexhaustible fund of anecdotes.

Marshall was successively member of the Virginia Legislature, Special Ambassador to France, Member of Congress, Secretary of State, and Chief Justice, and held the last position for thirty-four years. Yet he was never so happy as when he was pitching quoits at the meetings of a club of judges, lawyers, doctors, and merchants of Richmond of which he was a member. It was known as the Barbecue or Quoit Club, and one of his contemporaries gives this delightful picture of him as a club member:

Judge Marshall was very punctual in his attendance at the club, and no one contributed more to the pleasantness of their meetings. . . . He would hurl his iron ring of two pounds weight with rarely erring aim fifty-five or sixty feet; and, at some *chef d'œuvre* of skill in himself or his partner, would spring up and clap his hands with all the light-hearted enthusiasm of boyhood. In his yearly visits to Fauquier, where the proper implements of his sport were not to be had, he still practiced it among his rustic friends with flat stones for quoits. A casual guest at a barbecue—one of those rural entertainments so frequent among the people of Virginia—saw, soon after his arrival at the spot, an old man emerge from a thicket which bordered the neighboring brook, carrying as large a pile of these flat stones as he could hold be-

tween his right arm and his chin. He stepped briskly up to the company and threw down his load among them, saying, "There! here are quoits enough for us all." The stranger's surprise may be imagined when he found that this plain and cheerful old man was the Chief Justice of the United States.

The reasoning of Marshall's decisions is so clear and so direct, so Euclidian in its convincing simplicity, so free from technical or professional jargon, that these decisions may be read by the layman with pleasure and delight. He was never assertive or pugnacious, but always sympathetic and persuasive. His method of argument was not that of a Mosaic law giver; he never said "Thou shalt" or "Thou shalt not." But, like Socrates, he led the minds of his hearers along until it seemed to them that they were pronouncing the judgment themselves. The general temper of his method might be illustrated by some such paraphrase as this: "If such and such are the facts, and the evidence appears to me to establish them beyond a reasonable doubt, would not so and so be the logical deduction from those facts?" And then he would render a decision which appeared so inevitable and natural that even the contending lawyers in the court-room would unconsciously nod their heads in assent, hardly realizing the deep philosophy or far-reaching consequences of the pronouncement.

He was an affectionate father and a devoted husband. His courtship and marriage are tinged with chivalry, and his tenderness for his wife, who was long an invalid, is revealed in some very beautiful letters. "By Marshall's direction," says Senator Beveridge in his masterly biography of the great Chief Justice, "the last thing taken from his body after he expired was the locket which his wife had hung about his neck just before she died." The day after his funeral in Richmond on July 9, 1835, the Richmond "Whig and Public Advertiser" expressed the general feeling of all his fellow-Americans when it said: "No man has lived or died in this country, save its father George Washington alone, who united such a warmth of affection for his person with so deep and so unaffected a respect for his character and admiration for his great ability."

Such was the citizen, the soldier, the statesman, the judge, the American whose name should be remembered with pride and admiration on every Constitution Day.

MARTIAL LAW IN OKLAHOMA

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY H. J. HASKELL

OKLAHOMA is suffering just now from what hazy physicians sometimes call a complication of diseases. The whole State is more or less affected, but the acute symptoms have come to a head in martial law in Tulsa, a city of nearly one hundred thousand inhabitants, the capital of the great mid-continent oil field. Governor J. C. Walton, "Jack" Walton they call him, proclaimed martial law August 14 and sent State troops into Tulsa and the county. His purpose, he said, was to put an end to chronic lawlessness manifest in a long series of whippings by mobs.

Nearly two hundred such whippings have occurred in Tulsa County. But the condition is not local. It exists throughout Oklahoma. From time to time in the last few weeks the Governor has threatened to put other districts under martial law, and indeed to include the whole State. Sporadic whippings by mobs have been going on for several years. They have become more frequent as the Ku Klux Klan has become better organized throughout the State, and the present situation has developed into more or less open warfare between what the Governor terms the visible and the invisible government, the State administration and the Klan.

There is no evidence that the Klan organization as such has sanctioned the whippings. But the military commission that has been taking testimony in Tulsa County insists that every whipping investigated has been carried out by Klansmen.

In order to understand conditions in Oklahoma it is necessary to get the background. In the old Territorial days Indian Territory and Oklahoma were the rendezvous of adventurous spirits from every part of the country. The terms under which the country was opened to homesteaders with a wild race from the Kansas border in 1889 and 1893 attracted settlers of kindred disposition. The result was to establish a tradition of restlessness, of impatience with restraint, of aggressive action that still persists in the face of the large and more conventional immigration of later years.

This sort of soil is not conducive to the growth of efficient government. In Oklahoma there has been growing dissatisfaction with the game the politicians have played. A former Governor was indicted. Public funds were plundered. Suspicion of public officials became general. At the same time came the crash in farm prices that ruined thousands of farmers. People were in a mood to listen to apostles of unrest. Various radical

movements were amalgamated into the Farmer-Labor Reconstruction League, which controlled the Democratic primaries and swept its candidate for Governor, Mayor Walton, of Oklahoma City, into office by a huge majority.

While this political ferment was in progress the Klan sent its organizers into the State. They capitalized the dissatisfaction and made an appeal to religious prejudice, which is strong in Oklahoma. There are communities in the State that are torn by religious hatreds, where Protestants refuse to speak to their Catholic neighbors.

One of the appeals of the Klan was to "clean up" immoral conditions. The frequent ineffectiveness of the agencies of justice gave force to the appeal. In such an atmosphere sex immorality in its grosser forms is apt to bulk large and to be regarded as the obvious thing to be curbed. Every town and farm community had its undesirable characters. Occasionally these had been punished by parties of neighbors taking the law into their own hands. After the Klan became strong the whippings multiplied. A man had deserted his wife and gone to another woman. The guilty pair were taken out in the night and whipped. Disreputable women were punished. Petty offenders of all sorts felt the lash. Members of the Klan were undertaking to correct the deficiencies of the law. The large majority of those whipped were offenders against society in greater or lesser degree. But the whippings have not stopped with these. One man in the little town of Jenks, near Tulsa, was whipped because he opposed a school bond issue. A farmer four miles south of Tulsa quarreled with his wife. His daughter told her employer, a Klansman. He called up others. That night the farmer was called from his house and given twenty-five lashes. There was a fight over the retention of a school superintendent near Turley. A member of the school board who opposed the superintendent was taken by a group of men and forced to resign from the board under threat of a whipping.

Governor Walton announced that the whippings must stop. Early in August a group of men seized a man on the street in Tulsa, took him to the country in a motor car and whipped him. He said his captors questioned him about the sale of narcotics and whisky. He complained to the Governor, and on August 14 Tulsa was put under martial law, and a military commission began an investigation of the whippings in Tulsa County. While guardsmen were brought into the city,

the normal life of the community was not interfered with. Persons on the streets after eleven o'clock were required to have a military pass. A military censor was at first installed in the office of a newspaper that had been printing bitter criticisms of the Governor, but the censorship was soon withdrawn.

Tulsa felt that the declaration of martial law was a reflection on the town. It was bad advertising. So strenuous efforts were made to induce Governor Walton to rescind his action. The Governor in turn offered to withdraw the troops provided he could have the resignation of the Sheriff, Police Commissioner, and certain other officials. He asserted that the officers were under Klan domination and had failed to protect citizens of the county from violence. The officers refused to resign, and a month after the declaration of martial law there were no signs of yielding on either side.

The people of Tulsa insist that they are law-abiding and that the Governor is seeking to punish them for the large majority returned against him by the county in the last election. In reply Walton points to the long list of floggings in Tulsa County.

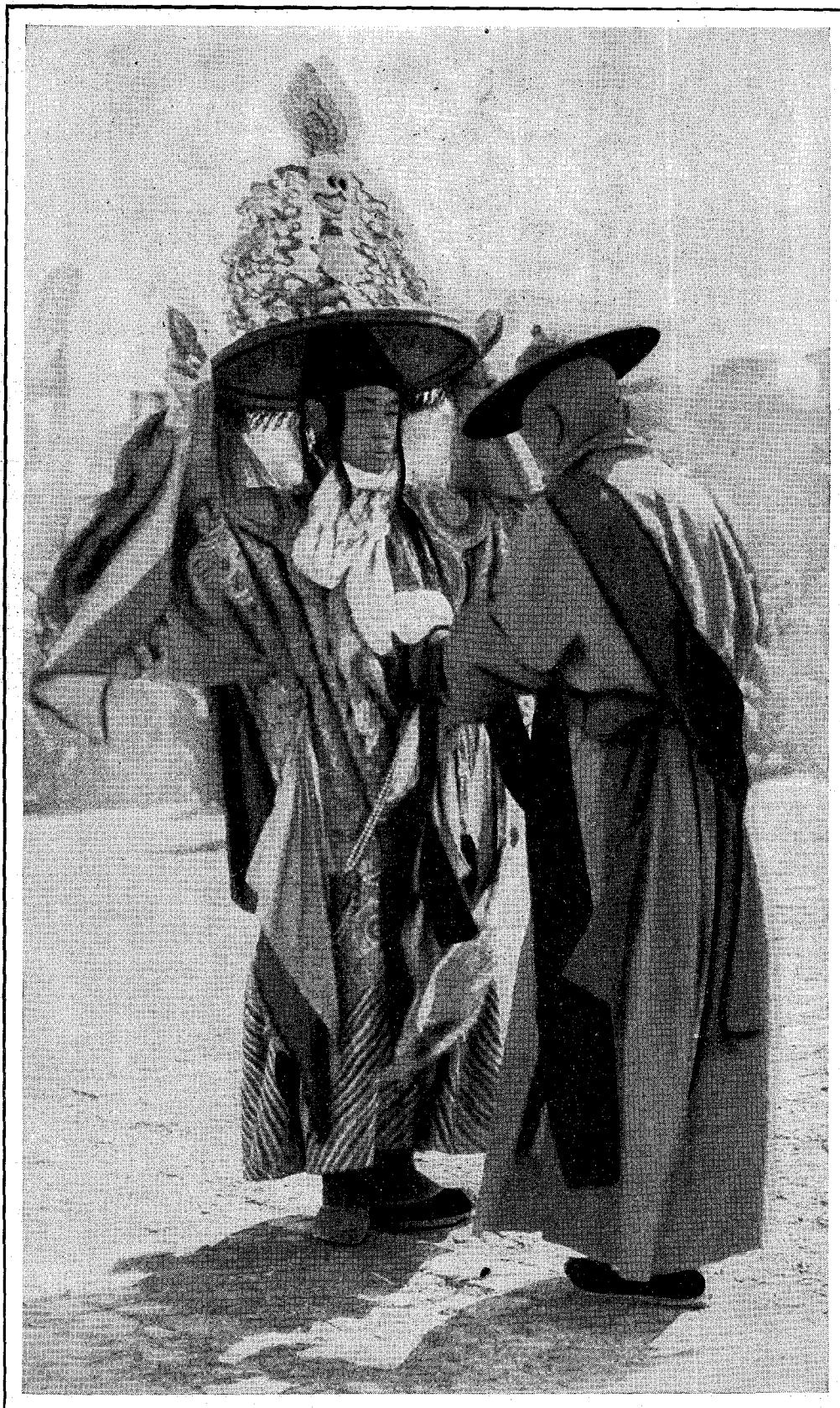
The condition that has developed in Oklahoma calls for remedying from within rather than from without. It may be that the Governor's action will focus attention on a situation that challenges the best citizenship of the State.

Tulsa proved only the preliminary skirmish. The month of martial law was followed by its extension over all the State, and on September 16 by an open declaration of war against the Klan by Governor Walton. In his proclamation the Governor declared: "Due to the existence of the self-styled Invisible Empire, a state of insurrection and rebellion is in effect against the Constitution and authorities of Oklahoma, and a general state of public alarm and fear, and the jeopardy of life, peace, and personal safety, has resulted."

Governor Walton, citing the testimony taken by the military court at Tulsa, asserted that hundreds of men and women have been severely beaten and "the Invisible Empire has usurped the power of the political government." The proclamation added that every person aiding the Klan is an enemy of the State and will be dealt with accordingly by its military forces. The entire National Guard of 6,000 men was ordered in readiness for service.

Kansas City, Missouri, September 16, 1923.

RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES:

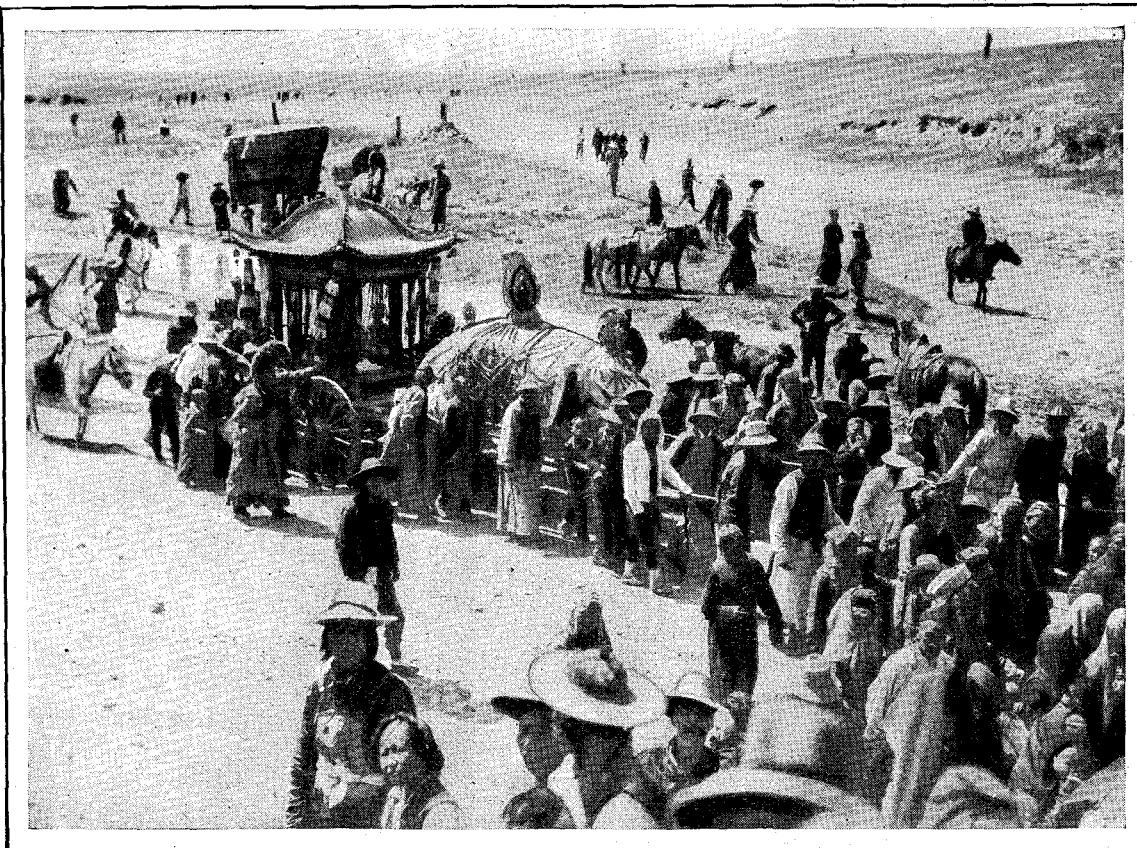


International

CHIEF FIGURES IN THE RELIGIOUS DANCES OF THE LAMAS

An American photographer recently took these pictures of scenes during what he describes as the Lenten ceremonies of that form of Buddhism known as Lamaism, which is widely prevalent in Central Asia. The photographs were taken in the city of Lama-miao, or Dolon-nor, situated about 150 miles north

OF INNER MONGOLIA



PILGRIMS AND MONGOLS PULLING A GOLDEN CAR IN WHICH A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE "LIVING BUDDHA" SITS



LAMAS WITH CEREMONIAL MASKS

of Peking, and consisting of a Chinese and a Mongolian quarter. The latter has a large colony of priests, said to number 2,300, with many temples, and is a center for the manufacture of bronze idols and other articles of the Lama ritual, which find their way to all parts of Mongolia and Tibet

"RIDE 'IM, COWBOY!"

BY ALBERT BRITT

THIS is the battle-cry of a new outdoor and indoor sport that originated in the West and has finally penetrated to the innermost East. Various called the Stampede, the Round-Up, the Rodeo, it has a common parentage, and is rapidly coming to have a common form. And the slogan is everywhere the same, "Ride 'im, cowboy!" and the companion phrase, "Let 'er buck!" Even New York has been treated to a performance of this wild horse-play born of the old cattle days and the open range.

The line of descent of the Stampede leads through the Wild West Show, but it can be traced definitely enough. In the days of the open range everybody rode. Everybody had to ride, but some men rode better than others. When these "top-notchers" combined with their skill in horsemanship a sufficient amount of dare-devil courage, they became known as "busters." It was their province to break the string for the other riders. Sometimes when the outfit was big enough they were permanently attached, as

were the other riders; sometimes they went from place to place, breaking "by the day or week."

The breaking was usually a rather perfunctory performance. If the buster stayed with the horse till he stopped bucking, that horse was considered broken—and probably was. That didn't mean that he wouldn't buck again. Few were the range horses that ever fully forsook the vice of pitching. Sometimes this would take the form of a few "crowhops" when his rider backed him in the morning, and sometimes it was a really serious attempt to "pile" his man. In either case it was of short duration and usually little more than an expression of high spirits at the start of a new day. Occasionally a horse would be found that never gave over being a chronic buckner, an "outlaw." These were of little value in the string, and were soon disposed of. Once in a blue moon would be found a horse that was not only an outlaw but a "killer," an equine murderer that would fight his rider with hoofs and even teeth. Even in the palmiest days

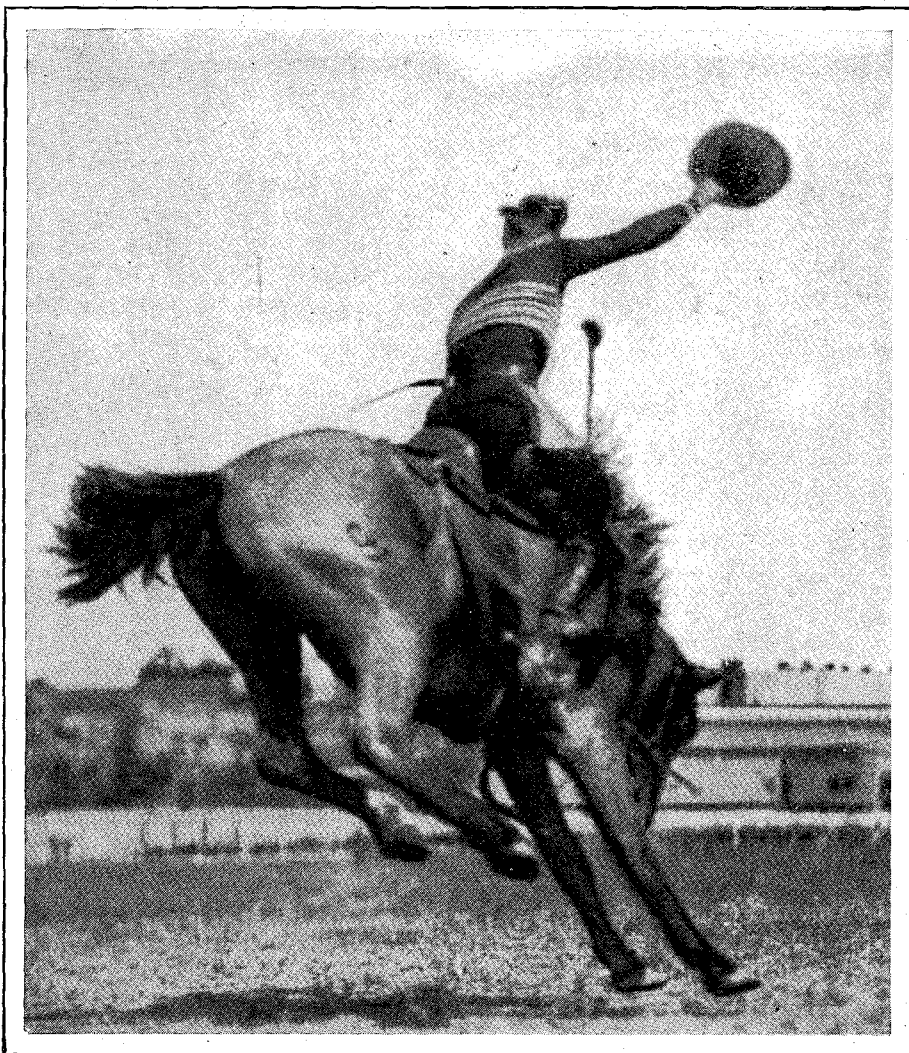
of the open range few men could be found who could say that they had ever seen a killer, and when such a one was found his fate was apt to be a bullet through the brain.

Although bronco-busting as a sport grew out of the day's work of the cattle country, it was never a sport in those days. Horses earned their keep by hard work, as did the men, and the horse that was likely to set his rider afoot twenty-five or fifty miles from home was not apt to be long among those present.

No one knows precisely when or where the first exhibition of rough riding was held, but it was probably somewhere in the Southwest. The cattle business as it flourished in the seventies and early eighties was copied, borrowed, and stolen from Mexico, where the Spaniards had planted it. The cattle were Spanish in origin, as were most of the horses. So also was the saddle gear with the wide stirrups and the high pommel and cantle. The riata, or lariat, or more recently "rope," were also Mexican in origin, and for many years the best ropers were the Mexicans who gravitated to the big outfits north of the Rio Grande. Undoubtedly the earliest contests grew out of the rivalry of one outfit with another. Men talked and thought and dreamed cattle and horses, and to back a preference with a bet was as natural as to have a preference. The two things went together.

Buffalo Bill and his rivals and imitators saw the chance to turn this Wild West horsemanship to commercial advantage. Most of the riders of those earlier "Bill" shows, as they were called among showmen, were, or had been, working cowboys. To that extent the Wild West Show was a genuine exposition of the life of the range, although the bucking was usually of the straight-ahead variety that almost any cow-horse could deliver on slight provocation. These exhibitions were embroidered with fancy and trick roping, trick riding, a stage-coach hold-up, an alleged pony express ride, and similar events advanced as typical of the Old West. The riding and the roping were still close enough to the time of their origin to be fairly truthful in a historical sense.

As the old cattle days faded into the background of our rapidly growing history Western communities awakened to the opportunity and the need for keeping alive their memory, and nothing was more natural than that it should be done in a way to pay its own cost and in some cases to provide a profit. In this way grew up Chey-



Photograph by Fred Armbrister, Lake Louise

THE CALGARY STAMPEDE—"FANNING HIM"

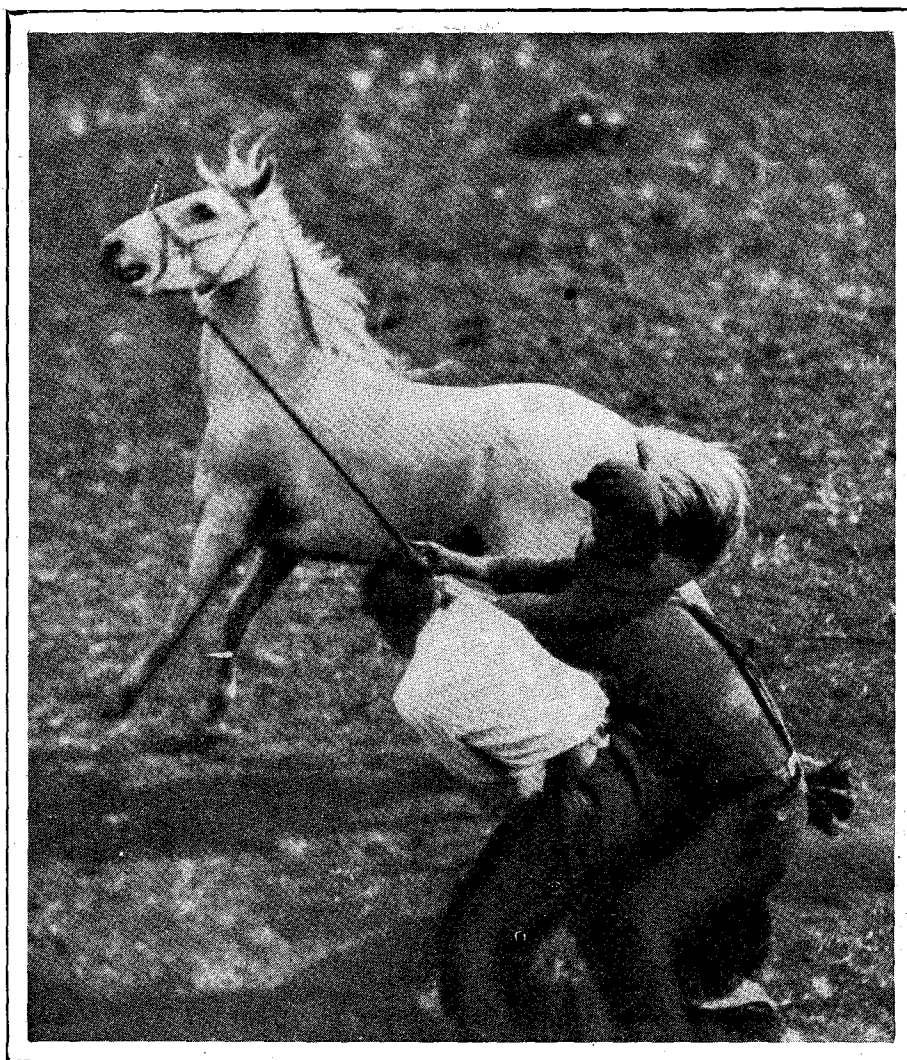
ne's Frontier Day, Denver's Festival of Mountain and Plain, the Stampede at Calgary, the Pendleton Round-Up, Salinas's Rodeo, and countless smaller fairs. At the present time there are probably close to two hundred of these shows, large and small, held between June and October, from the Mexican line to Edmonton. Some of them are one-day contests, staged on a convenient ranch, confined mostly to local riders, and with small compensation in the way of prizes. These meetings are more typical of the country and make more of the ranch than do the larger, with their joint suggestion of the county fair and the circus.

Recently Calgary, the metropolis of Alberta, staged a Stampede that ran for a week and drew an attendance of close to a hundred and thirty thousand people. Probably this was close to the top notch of wild-horse exhibitions. While the majority of the riders were Canadians, with a fair sprinkling of Indians and "breeds," there was a representation from this side of the line of both horses and men. The programme was varied enough to satisfy any one, running from wild-horse riding and racing to calf roping and buckboard racing.

Lest any one should misunderstand my references to county fairs and circuses, let me say that the riding of a bucking horse is a grim reality to both horse and rider. The riders draw their horses by lot the night before each day's contest, so that there is no picking of easy spectacular buckers that pitch high and straight-away for a few jumps and then settle into a run. Nor would it avail them much if they did this, for the judges are wise in bucking lore and give a higher ranking to the man who gives a fair ride on a mean horse than to the fellow who "fans" an easy one to make it look wild and rough.

This style of riding is something more than merely staying with your horse. To begin with, the horses must be ridden "slick"—that is, without hobbling the stirrups to the cinch. One hand must be free and held out, so that there may be no doubt in the judges' minds of the honesty of the ride. There is no bridle; the ride is with a halter only with a single braided rope rein, and this is the only handhold the rider is permitted. To clutch at the mane or to "pull leather" means the end of the rider. To cap the climax, the rider is required to spur his mount both fore and aft in the first half-dozen jumps. Fail to do this, and the crowd will shout, "Scratch him! You ain't scratchin' him!" Failure on this last point does not mean disqualification; merely a proportionately lower mark.

The horses are saddled and mounted in a chute so narrow as not to permit the horse to turn or throw himself



Photograph by Fred Armbrister, Lake Louise

THE CALGARY STAMPEDE—BREAKING A WILD 'UN

backward. Then at the word from the rider the chute is thrown open, and out comes the bucker, sunfishing, twisting, squealing, sometimes reaching for the rider's foot with bared teeth. If the rider stays till the whistle that marks the end of the ride, his next problem is to dismount, for few horses recognize the whistle as ending their part of the performance. This is where the "pick-up" men come into the picture. Their job is to ride close alongside the still bucking horse and while one seizes him by the rein another snatches the rider from the saddle.

There are accidents a-plenty, some of them ridiculous, some serious. The wise rider lies flat when he is thrown, to present as small a target as possible to flying hoofs. One luckless buster at Calgary who neglected this precaution went to the hospital with a fractured skull. Two or three had minor fractures of legs or arms, but the proportion of casualties to the numbers engaged and the apparent risks was small.

On one of the Calgary days a night rain had left an inviting mud-hole in front of the chutes. Early in the bucking contests a horse came out pitching straight and high. On the

third jump the rider lost his stirrup and sailed gracefully through the air to land face down in the deepest, softest, muddiest part of this quagmire. He emerged deaf, dumb, and blind from mud, but sputtering and gesticulating vigorously. The crowd roared its ironical applause for his good judgment in picking a soft landing.

Most of the riding in this event is professional, or nearly so. The prizes are large enough to the winners to tempt the adventurous with a weakness for the alluring combination of horseflesh and the limelight.

There are many variations of this bucking saturnalia. For example, there is the wild-horse racing. In this event the horses are led out from the corral attired only in a halter with a shank, or lead rope, of the usual length. Three men are allowed to each horse. At the signal these three are required to saddle the horse, and then one of them must mount him and ride across the field and through a corral gate some hundred and fifty yards away. This may sound easy in cold print, but the spectacle of ten or a dozen wild horses rearing and whirling, sometimes dragging their captors along the ground, blundering into each other, dodging the upraised

saddles, throwing themselves backward, is anything but commonplace or placid. In the haste of saddling cinches are sometimes left loose, and more than one rider dismounts over his horse's head accompanied by his saddle. Once mounted, his troubles are only beginning. His bitless, panic-stricken horse can be guided only by jerking of the halter shank and by waving a hand or a hat alongside his head. Once turned, he is likely to continue turning, and his rider finds himself headed back in the opposite direction. The first man in the saddle is quite often among the last to reach the goal. More than once a stubborn bronc will wheel and wheel again at the very gate of the corral and the rider must watch later comers canter through to victory minutes after his own horse almost stuck his head through into the promised land.

The most sporting of all the Stampede sports is the calf roping. Lest any one should think that this savors of cruelty to infants, let me say that the odds are all on the calves. Day after day I have watched the budding Herefords turned loose to gallop across the rope thrown on the ground for a starting line, and three properly roped out of a dozen starters is a good average. Like New York taxis, calves start and stop quickly, and their short wheel-base gives them a turning radius that makes even an agile cow-horse look clumsy. The roper who doesn't overhaul his scudding, bawling prey in the first hundred yards has little chance for victory. And there is something amusingly insolent in the twinkling feet and the arrogantly waving tail. The throw at this tiny, fleeing target must be both accurate and lucky. Make the loop too small, and you ask too much of the gods of luck. Make it large, and you are likely to see the calf leap through it in triumph and go bawling off to seek maternal comfort. Either way the rider comes back grinning sheepishly to face the jeers of the crowd as he recoils his fruitless rope.

Another contest that is full of color and motion and thrills—and laughs—is the wild-cow-milking contest. A dozen or fifteen cows are turned loose to be caught with a rope and held while the milker fills a pop bottle. The Herefords of the well-known open spaces are not highly domestic in their tastes, and being milked is one of the things about which they are not enthusiastic. Once the rope is firmly on the lady's horns, the real fun begins. She still has a twenty-foot radius in which to maneuver and the best will in the world to make it hard for the breathless milker. That poor soul has been running after his roper all over the lot so as to be ready to go into action as soon as the roping is accomplished. By this time more than one



Photograph by Fred Armbrister, Lake Louise

THE CALGARY STAMPEDE—"STETSONS"—EVERYBODY WEARS THEM

harassed cow has decided that valor, like virtue, is its own reward, and the milker must needs approach with caution. Some prefer approaching from outside the circle, and this makes the cow's tail the easiest first grasp. Even then Mrs. Shorthorn is capable of giving him a run for his milking. But milked they are—some of them—and men appear in different parts of the field running madly toward the judges with bottles held high in air. Sometimes the rider takes it and leaves the milker to turn the cow loose from the dragging rope. This also presents its difficulties.

The bottles must be not only full but also foaming to testify to the freshness of the milk. For the milkman is not without guile even in the Great West. On the second day of the Calgary Stampede Guy Weadick, master of ceremonies, announced loudly before the start of the milking, "Any of you fellows caught taking bottles of milk out of your chaps will be disqualified for the rest of the week." For it is easy to change bottles in the heat of the combat, and a bottle previously filled and well shaken on the way to the judges will bear every appearance of recent milking.

It would never do to omit reference to the steer riding. For this purpose almost any steer can be regarded as wild. Here the rules are elastic. About all that is necessary is to stay on—and that ought to be enough. A

surcingle is cinched around the steer abaft the forelegs, and the rider is allowed to hold to this with both hands and, if he desires, with his teeth. And at that the odds are on the steer and the rider is lucky if the steer doesn't turn and chase him ignominiously over the fence in addition to dumping him hard enough to break any number of normal bones. But the job can be done. On the third day of the Calgary Stampede a man in a clown costume came out of one of the chutes riding a steer backward—and rode him to a finish. After all, some men ride better than others.

Calgary wisely barred steer bull-dogging. This, it should be explained to the uninitiated, consists in riding alongside a running steer and throwing yourself easily and gracefully from the horse to the steer's neck or shoulders and throwing him by horns and nose. Calgary barred it, not because it was dangerous for men, but because it was too hard on the steers.

This, too, originated near the Texas border. The first man to illustrate the superiority of man over steer used his teeth also, gripping the steer's nose with his incisors. I have been told by men who have tried it that it is exciting but not dangerous. Perhaps it is, but only in comparison with teasing a Bengal tiger or going over the top on a foggy morning.

There, then, are the headliners of this Western sport. The open range

has vanished—is one with the dodo and the crinoline. The man who invented barbed wire sounded its death knell. The cowboy rides still, but he carries wire-nippers and a pocket full of staples. Gone, too, is the longhorn, and I have walked on foot through a herd of range cattle—a proceeding that in the old days would have meant a speedy realizing on my life insurance. Cattle of the old days knew man on horseback, but man on foot was a strange being and something to be investigated. And the manner of the

investigation was rough but thorough. But there are still horses and men. And as long as horses are horses and men are men there will be riding—and rough riding too. The stampede, by whatever name it is called, will give you thrills and show you riding. But don't deceive yourself into thinking that you are watching real cowboys from the range. They aren't, because there isn't any. And don't advise your boy to take up bronco busting as a remunerative calling. The rewards are small, and four or five years

of that infernal jarring and pounding will see the end of any normal man's ambition in that direction, if it doesn't actually incapacitate him for any but the mildest kind of horseback exercise.

Years ago a cowman known from the Canada line to the Texas Panhandle was asked to define bucking. He said: "Bucking was born at the back door of hell on a hot day and came out on the run."

And the years have offered no amendment of that definition.

THE "VICE RING" VS. THE "VIRTUE TRUST"

BY CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

NO one denies the fact that "the American public is now in the throes of the greatest paternalistic governmental effort to regulate life that has ever been attempted." Reformers themselves confess that much and furnish the quotation; see the latest report of New York City's Committee of Fourteen. To-day the matter about which controversy rages with the most ferocity is concerning the solidity of alignment in the opposing forces—the regulators vs. those opposed to regulation.

Hear one side talk, and you might be led to believe in the existence of a powerful and close-knit combination of French wine growers, brewers, and distillers, tobacco interests, prize-fight promoters, advocates of the "Continental Sunday," and producers of vicious and lascivious books and films and plays into a mammoth "Vice Ring," backed by millions and lavish with subsidies to Legislatures and the press.

Hear the other side, and you might just as easily be induced to believe in an equally powerful close organization of reformers, censors, and various sorts of prohibitionists, also backed by millions—those of a certain Baptist oil magnate most frequently mentioned—into a combination rapidly becoming international in its scope, constituting a gigantic "Virtue Trust."

Each side declares that the other is advancing menacingly in an almost solid front, under the command of, if not a general staff, at least an "interlocking directorate," and operating through lobbies and blocs to bully Legislatures. The man in the street has begun to believe this too, so often of late has he heard it repeated.

What in the way of evidence about these rival "trusts" can an investigator find that might serve as a basis for prosecution of illegal combinations under the Sherman Law? What are the leaders like, and how do they talk?

The nearest thing to an "official or-

gan" for the "wets" in our section is the "Minute Man" magazine of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, a monthly of somewhat elastic circulation edited by William L. Fish, in Newark, New Jersey. Duck into the tube, then, and we'll hit the trail.

The editorial offices of the "Minute Man" are comfortable but not exactly imposing quarters, furnished with an almost Puritan simplicity, upon the second floor rear of 36 Park Place, in what realty men would describe as a "taxpayer structure." The editor sits in the front room, with no barrier of office boys to pass before you reach him. He hasn't at all the look of bloated arrogance that cartoonists who are of unfriendly temper make of representatives of his cause. Where

they picture a fat saloon-keeper with capacious checked vest and diamonds glittering in a puffy tie, Mr. Fish turns out to be a lean, soldierly, white-haired citizen with a military rosette in his buttonhole, and looks every inch the retired business man that he says he is. At the moment he was signing some checks, and that furnished the inquiring reporter the best of provocation to get immediately to a red-hot issue.

The visitor pointed sternly at the check-book and began:

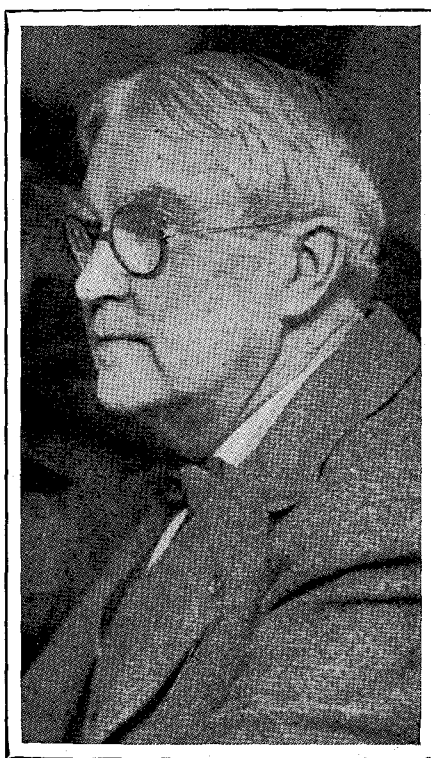
"Mr. Fish, that's one of the things I want to find out about the most. It is claimed by your opponents that you are richly subsidized by the so-called liquor interests—the French wine growers, the brewers and distillers. Is that true?"

"I never have had a cent from any of them," Mr. Fish answered, simply. "And my bank balance at this moment is \$430.25."

"It is also charged that you are in league with the interests favoring tobacco and Continental Sundays, and opposing the censorship of books and films and plays?"

Mr. Fish laughed—one of the few hearty laughs that the investigator was to be privileged to hear in a week.

"Well, I occasionally take a whack at the crape-hangers who want to inflict a Puritan Blue Sunday on the East, and the State of New Jersey in particular. And I can't say I like censors. And I smoke, and don't want my cigars taken away from me—have one? But there's no combination on our side. All the combination is on the other side; all these reformers hang together. What better proof could you ask of that than what you saw pulled off up in Albany at the last session of the Legislature? The so-called 'Clean Books Law' came up, and the whole crew of antis and prohibitionists, with the exception of Dr. Frank Crane and William J. Bryan, who were away somewhere on speech-



(C) Ewing Galloway

DR. FRANK CRANE



Photo by White, from Ewing Galloway
WILLIAM A. BRADY, THEATRICAL MANAGER

making tours, turned out in a body to fight for it. What, for example, was the Rev. Dr. Harry L. Bowlby, of the Blue Law crowd, doing in Albany? What business was that of his?"

From here Mr. Fish led easily and naturally to his favorite editorial campaign argument. Liquor prohibition is, in his view, the result of a conspiracy of big business—"the biggest business deal ever swung in the history of the world." The money to swing it came in large part at the first, he believes, from the source most likely to reap the greatest revenue from the suppression of the production of alcohol. "Alcohol, as anybody knows who has seen how generally it is used in Cuba or in Germany for industrial fuel and for motor cars, is a deadly rival of gasoline. Industrial alcohol can be produced for a fourth to a fifth as much as gasoline costs. Under our anti-alcoholic statutes it is practically impossible to produce alcohol for any purpose lawfully. Figure it out for yourself. Who profits most from these regulations, and why?"

Mr. Fish would not come out flat and say that a prominent Baptist oil magnate had any personal interest in getting laws passed to suppress practically all production of gasoline's most dangerous commercial rival. Oh, no! Just the same, the Prohibition Amendment was the "biggest business deal ever swung."

Back to Manhattan now, with a pertinent question to put to Dr. Harry L. Bowlby, General Secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance of the United States. In a suite not much more sumptuously furnished than that of the editor of the "Minute Man," Dr.

Bowlby was found dug in behind the most overloaded desk in uptown New York.

Another jar is coming to preconceived notions if you have pictured Dr. Bowlby as something like the caricatures of the Blue Law, with a tall silk hat with crape around its band, spectacles and side-whiskers, a white tie, and a long Prince Albert coat. It turns out that the letter "L" in this Presbyterian clergyman's middle name actually stands for "Laity." And he looks and talks like one of the laity.

Dr. Bowlby was at the time in the midst of directing by telephone a battle which professional journalistic ethics forbid the reporter to describe. But this much may be observed: if the American public likes a fighter, this man, could you see him in action, would be bound to win admiration from even the most hard-boiled of Dr. Bowlby's opponents. Small of stature and frail, but stamina somehow betokened just the same; hands squarish, blunt-tipped, and seeming too large for his body; his dress a business man's in every detail. Never a clue here to the sort of thing that makes a zealot except a peculiarly intense glow (no other word for it) in the sharp brown eyes—unspectacled. Though he has passed his forty-ninth birthday, he looks barely forty. He is a good rifle shot, and he wears a watch-fob trophy won as champion singles player in a New Jersey suburban tennis club—"But of course I couldn't stand up for a minute," he hastens to explain, "against the good ones out at Forest Hills." He speaks to a newspaper man in the lingo of the trade, explaining that, though it was long ago, he has not forgotten the days when he was correspondent at Princeton in his college days for the Associated Press. All the time you have a feeling that he is sizing you up as he talks.

He was telling of some of his plans (which for the time must be kept in confidence) for the future. The brown eyes glowed; he smacked a large fist loudly in the palm of his left hand, and exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, I shall say to them, 'I'm laying my cards down on the table.' I shall say to those newspaper men, 'You gentlemen wouldn't print the truth about the so-called "Blue Law" propaganda when I handed it to you on a silver platter back in the heat of the fight in 1920. Now what are you going to do? Here are my cards—a straight flush beats a full house!'"

Perhaps the reporter looked a bit puzzled.

"It does, doesn't it?" Dr. Bowlby demanded.

"Oh, yes," the reporter answered. "Good here."

At which Dr. Bowlby sighed relief.

In the interim the reporter hastened to demand:

"One of the things I particularly wanted to ask you about is concerning an alleged combination, on all issues at all times, of the people I once heard you describe as 'the forces of righteousness.' Some of your enemies profess to find evidence of such combination or 'trust' in the fact that you turned up at Albany to join in the fight for a book censorship law. Do you care to put your cards down about that? What were you doing up there?"

"Vile and vicious books can be read on Sundays as well as week days," he answered, promptly. "Our Lord's Day Alliance represents the welfare of the young people of seventeen denominations. In the same way, in the days before prohibition, this Alliance used to fight the liquor interests whenever they attempted to open saloons on Sundays. But, I can assure you, there was no prearranged gathering of forces at Albany. We just came together, not knowing who else would be there."

"But isn't there a supreme council on your side? Or, at least, an interlocking directorate?"

"Emphatically, no."

"And no common fund? The man in the street and many of your opponents believe that there is a big reform combination backed by millions in cash."

"No. We're sadly short of funds in this office, though our opponents are spending more than a million a year to defeat us. I've long contended that our present system of small contribu-



Photo by Pirie MacDonald
WILLIAM L. FISH, EDITOR OF THE "MINUTE MAN" MAGAZINE

tions is inadequate for our growing needs."

"Isn't there at least some connection between your organization and the anti-tobacco movement?"

Again Dr. Bowlby shook his head.

The reporter then asked for a source to which he might turn for information about the anti-cigarette fight. Dr. Bowlby thereupon proved complete innocence of combination. He referred the investigator to a W. C. T. U. official, who promptly denied that the W. C. T. U., either in the State of New York or in the Nation at large, was making any attempt to promote the passage of anti-cigarette legislation.

So the reporter fared on to call upon the Carrie Nation of the anti-tobacco fight, Dr. Charles Griffin Pease, organizer and President of the Non-Smokers' Protective League of America. Dr. Pease is one who is frank to confess himself a reformer—not all of them do—but he is as much a jar to preconceived notions in his appearance as any of the others met upon this tour of investigation. Dr. Pease is both a dentist and an M.D.; and the mild professional manner he has makes it difficult to believe the accounts of his fire-eater exploits in swooping down upon smokers on the "L" platforms and in the subway entrances. In fact, he has as gentle an air about him as Mrs. Carrie Nation in her later years. Vividly yet the reporter recalls that grandmotherly, white-haired lady he interviewed one time on a bench in the waiting-room of the old Union Depot in Kansas City, the while Mr. Nation, whose name we

vaguely recall as David, sat by disinterested and silent, munching one banana after another out of a paper bag; and the white-haired old lady, quite in the vein of a latter-day Joan of Arc, told, with a far-away look in her eyes, of the visions she had seen in a jail cell the week before and the "voices" she had heard urging her on in the long crusade.

So with Dr. Pease. He appears like anything but a Tartar. He is an elderly gentleman of a cavalier school, somewhere in the late sixties of his life; soft-voiced and courtly mannered; with snow-white hair and imperial, white coat, white tie, white tennis shoes; and it is no surprise to find that one of the passions of his life is a love for music. He dwells in a perfect museum of Mid-Victorian objects of art, in a large apartment suite uptown, which is also his dental office. Once more that memory of Carrie Nation occurred to the reporter when he asked Dr. Pease the how and when and why of the inspiration for the crusade against nicotine, and the reformer's eyes focused upon something far away and began to glow as he answered:

"It was in the year 1907. It came to me as if from the unseen."

"Any particular incident that brought it on?"

"No." Then he repeated slowly, "It came to me as if from the unseen."

Dr. Pease did not care to be quoted as believing in a great conspiracy of "vice interests" against reformers in general. But he said he had no hesitation about stating that in his particular field of reform he has to fight a rich and powerful "trust" stimulating the consumption of tobacco. Its propaganda is constantly getting into print, he declares, while his side is suppressed by a subsidized and "coerced" press.

As proof of his contention that the press is controlled by the tobacco interests, he related how in 1918, in the course of the "flu" epidemic, "when soldiers in the camps were dying like flies and the bodies were stacked up like cordwood," he penned a plea that tobacco be taken away from the troops as a peril in such times, and sent a copy of his letter to every newspaper in New York City.

"None of the papers dared to print it. Only one sent me a note in response. That was the 'Tribune.' I am holding that letter as evidence of the way the press these days is being coerced."

He paused.

"What did it say?" the visitor prompted.

"Something to this effect: 'Sir, we fear we cannot see our way to print your interesting contribution at this time.'"

A burst of sudden uncontrollable mirth from the reporter.



Photo by C. Smith Gardner

DR. HARRY L. BOWLBY, GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE LORD'S DAY ALLIANCE OF THE UNITED STATES

"Doctor, that is simply a conventional note of rejection. It doesn't indicate any fear."

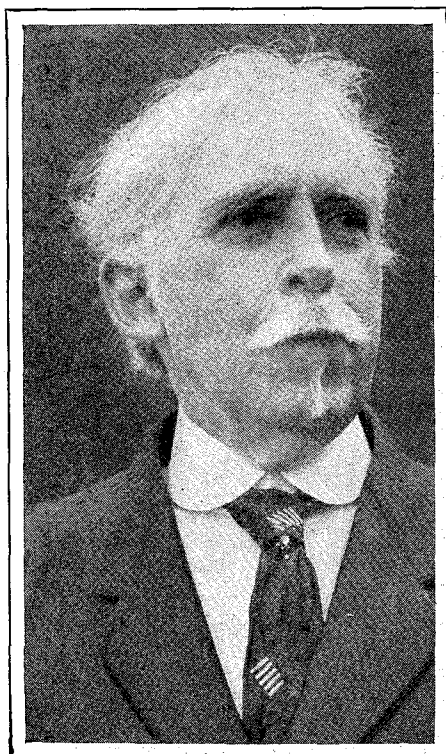
Dr. Pease solemnly, pityingly, shook his head.

"Young man, you don't comprehend. You can't fathom the half of it. But the future will vindicate me, prove me right."

Seeking next a spokesman for the "amusement and sporting interests," which so stoutly oppose the Rev. Harry L. Bowlby in his Sunday-closing crusades, the reporter turned now to William A. Brady. Mr. Brady is a leading theatrical manager, was the forerunner of Will Hays as champion of the interests of the movie industry, and is also a famous promoter of prize-fights. Most of his opponents never for a minute would doubt that he is surely in league with all the other "interests" opposing what Dr. Bowlby describes as "the forces of righteousness." Possibly it would amaze them, then, to hear, as this reporter did, Mr. Brady, in the most casual way, make passing mention of the fact that not long ago he refused to take part in a public debate as a champion of the cause of the "wets." He explained his course simply:

"You see, I'm not averse to taking a drink if I happen to be thirsty. But in principle I'm for prohibition. Think it's a good thing to try. Why do you look so surprised?"

Mr. Brady does not, however, believe in Dr. Bowlby's denial of the existence of a close-knit combination of reformers in the opposing camp, or



(C) Ewing Galloway

DR. CHARLES G. PEASE, OF NEW YORK, KNOWN FOR MANY YEARS AS AN ENEMY OF TOBACCO SMOKING

that they are not richly supplied with funds.

"It's one for all and all for one in that camp," he says. "You see that time and again in the course of legislative sessions. And so far as the Bowlby camp's attitude toward amusements of all sorts goes, the public doesn't know the half of it. They are out, not only to give us the bluest of Blue Sundays if they can put it over"—he banged his fist down on the desk top—"they are out to destroy all popular amusements. They want to close the theaters, not only on Sundays, but week days as well. They are determined to legislate boxing out of existence, and if they figured they had half a chance, they would try to kill the motion pictures too. I once interrupted the Rev. Dr. Bowlby at a hearing in the course of a tirade he was making against the movies.

"What do you know about movies?" I demanded. "Did you ever see one in your life?"

"He didn't answer that—for a good and sufficient reason."

In Dr. Bowlby's office hangs a poster which pleads:

SAVE OUR SABBATH
ITS ENEMIES ARE SPENDING
\$1,000,000
ANNUALLY TO DESTROY IT

Mr. Brady laughs at this as an absurd exaggeration; then becomes dead earnest the next moment when he declares that even more money is being lavished by the Lord's Day Alliance and its allies to "clamp down the Sunday lid all over the Nation."

That William A. Brady should view liquor prohibition in much the same light as Dr. Frank Crane may not be so curious as it sounds. For Dr. Frank Crane is another reformer who is not at all like the public's imaginary picture of him—the old-maidish personality suggested by Don Marquis, the columnist, in his facetious proposal that "Doc" Crane be run for Vice-President in 1924 on the Straight-Lace Ticket headed by Aunt Prudence Hecklebury. Aunt Prudence will be as often jarred by Dr. Crane's views as enraptured. For one shock, Miss Hecklebury will find Dr. Crane at outs with Dr. Bowlby over the advisability of re-establishing the New England Puritan Sunday in present-day America. For another jar, Dr. Crane makes no secret of the fact that he smokes both pipes and cigars. These cigars, moreover, are not redeemed by their mild fragrance. His choice of a brand he defends in this wise: "They're cheap—and once in a while you get a good one." His vein of humor in conversation is not at all

old-maidish, either; sometimes, in the course of heated argument, he points his remarks with anecdotes that would send Aunt Prudence screaming for refuge to the attic.

But on prohibition Dr. Crane is an advocate after the "Virtue Trust's" own heart for stanchness. To the suggestion of Editor Fish of the "Minute Man" that prohibition came about as the result of a gasoline magnate's big business deal he retorts:

"That's just their latest piece of propaganda. They cite Cuba. All right. I was down in Cuba this winter, and know it's true that they use alcohol successfully down there for industrial fuel and to run motor cars. It's also true, in general, that alcohol costs only about a fifth as much as gasoline per gallon. But the catch is (or so I was told by men who ought to know) that it takes about four or five times as much alcohol as it does gasoline to get the same mileage. Pretty likely that's the reason why all the motor cars in Cuba aren't using alcohol for power. As a motorist, I'm just as keenly interested in the subject as Mr. Fish can be—but I'm afraid you can't beat the game. As for who was responsible for prohibition, it wasn't any famous Baptist who dwells in the big city. It was the Little Church on Main Street, with nobody else's help."

GRAB-BAG TRAINING FOR VETERANS

THIS IS THE SECOND OF THREE ARTICLES BY
STANLEY FROST ON UNCLE SAM AND THE
DISABLED VETERANS. IT DEALS WITH THE
ALL-IMPORTANT WORK OF REHABILITATION

THE purpose and ideals which inspired the plan to give new trades or professions to all veterans handicapped by wounds or illness as a result of war service are wholly worthy both of their service and of the Nation they served. The aim is to make sure that each such man shall be so trained that he will have as good a chance for success and self-respecting, useful independence as if he had not been injured. For this purpose we have spent \$449,551,290, we have provided training for 167,815 men, giving to each besides free schooling \$122 a month for support, and yet the work has won little thanks and almost unlimited criticism.

It has deserved more thanks, but hardly less criticism. Thousands of men are now successful as the result of the training given. But the aim was to do as much for all, and other thousands have received practically nothing besides an easy living, now ended or soon to end. They have fin-

ished their training period, still unprepared for any kind of work; they find that there is no work of the kind they can do or that there are barriers which prevent their doing what work there is. These thousands are still as helpless as at the close of the war; they have no more help coming nor hope. Many more, still in training, are headed for the same disaster.

General Hines, the new Director of the Bureau, puts his finger on one chief cause of this.

"The question has arisen," he said, "whether there was not a real failure to visualize and plan for rehabilitation work. The results have been poor. The time came recently when it was clear that we would either have to report to Congress that the job was too big for us and that it should be dropped—or that we would have to go ahead and really do it."

"Really do it!" The General is beginning by laying down for the first time—after five years—a real basis

for the work. But lack of visualization has not been the only fault. Indeed, there was a certain visualization, mostly visionary. There was also a pitiful failure in practice all along the line.

The work was started in 1918 by one of the curiously mixed bodies typical of that time. It included intellectual men and women with splendid visions, who knew much about social and educational theory and almost nothing about practice or people. With them were deserving Democrats who knew nothing much about either theory or practice, but were intrusted with the practice. After 1921 equally deserving Republicans joined the band.

The theorists did give the work a fair start. The first few hundred cases were well handled. But then the deluge came—they had been unable to foresee it—and they were swamped. The politicians were naturally useless. The resulting mess was inevitable. The system had all the faults of poli-

tics and bureaucracy which were described in the previous article as crippling the Medical Service. When applied to rehabilitation, the results were even worse, for this involved delicate problems in psychology and applied education which are beyond the power of all but the best-trained men and are utterly incomprehensible to deserving politicians with ideas of education limited to the three R's.

The intellectuals contributed about one-half of a good foundation for the work. Some four hundred courses of study were worked out in detail—enough for every possible need. But at this point all semblance of expert method ended. The actual work of assigning men to courses, of selecting and managing schools, and of supervising study was left to politicians and bureaucrats. I have been unable to find that any trained man had the slightest connection with this work.

Some of the Bureau officials defend this lack. They point out that the task was like no other in the world, largely without precedents. They point out also that a good many failures and much muddling may be charged to experts, especially in education. These things must be admitted. But in spite of them the fact remains that the job is an educational one, that there are precedents and there is expert knowledge in many parts of the field covered, and that the failures which have come would seem more excusable if the Bureau had used the best help available, instead of the worst.

For, instead of the experts, "practical men" were called on. Now this is a phrase which sounds well to those who do not know how thoroughly it has been proved that even successful men seldom know their own profession as well as trained educators do, and are far less able to teach it. At the worst, really practical men would have been of some value. In politics, however, the term too often really means some man who has found politics more profitable than his trade, and who thinks himself rich on the very small salary a political job pays. It has been mostly men of this stamp who have controlled what General Hines truly calls "the biggest school in the world."

The things these men could not do included almost everything that ought to have been done.

They could not, for example, check up on the adequacy of the instruction given. The Bureau itself created some thirty schools, in which there are at present over 4,000 men. A measure of the quality of these schools is the fact that the best salary they pay is \$2,750 a year, and the average around \$2,100. The good private schools, such as the College of the City of New York, pay top salaries of \$7,500 and

average near \$4,000 for the same work. This means—since teaching is the one vital thing in a school—that the Bureau schools are about 53 per cent good.

Most of the pupils, however, were put into contract schools, where the Bureau paid tuition. These range all the way from the best universities down to fly-by-night, mushroom outfits, thrown together to make the utmost profit from the veterans' needs. Some of them are simply awful. There was no adequate inspection, either, to hold these to the mark, and, besides, some had political protection. The worst are now being eliminated, but that does little good to the thousands whose chance in life they have already ruined.

About half of the "trainees" are in "placement," where they are actually at work at their trade under supervision which is supposed to give them practical experience and gradually work them into steady employment. When this is properly done, it is the best plan known for men going into trades. In the majority of cases it is well done, but that has depended mostly on the honor and decency of the employers, and some employers have neither. So there are many cases where the trainee has been used for menial work which did not benefit him in any way, and others in which he has been permitted to loaf about, learning nothing. This also is being corrected now.

This situation is made more serious by the Bureau's policy of putting men into placement as rapidly as possible. General Hines believes that it is most important to get the man on a job as soon as he can, feeling that too long support by the Government deprives him of self-reliance, or even any desire for it. This, as experience has shown, is a very real danger. Special efforts are being made to do this, even with men who have not finished school, during the present period of heavy demand for workers. The hope is to get them established before industrial trouble breaks.

Paralleling the uneven quality of the actual schooling is the fact that till within the last few weeks there was almost no attempt to make any intelligent adjustment between the man's needs and abilities and the training given him. The Bureau, in effect, made a grab-bag into which it threw all opportunities, good and bad, and let the veteran shut his eyes and snatch. To be sure, there were advisory officers, but they were not trained to advise, and usually allowed each man to choose for himself. Moreover, at this one point where there should have been deliberation and care the Bureau—heavily overmanned at most points—was badly short of men. One advisory officer

actually passed on 61 cases in a single day! No one seems to have thought that making assignments took brains or was worth much care.

In such a grab-bag there was of course no resort to the usual methods of schools with new entrants; no examinations nor search of previous records. Still less was any effort made to use the mental and manual tests which had been applied to these same men when they entered military service. If a man thought he'd like to be a lawyer, or stenographer, or sign-painter, he was assigned to that course unless there was some physical disability. A missing toe was more influential in determining his future than missing education or brains.

Nor was there any efficient co-ordination with the industrial world. It is true that appeals were made to labor unions for co-operation, and won considerable response. But there was no assurance—and there is not now—that when a man is through training he will not be prevented by the unions from going to work. Many men after two or three years' training have found that they must put in another two or three, or even four, years as apprentices at low wages and at trades they already know well before they can get union cards and skilled-labor pay.

Often, too, men have found that the particular trade for which they have trained is overcrowded. A recent instance is with sign-painters in New York. Several hundred men made that their objective, and there is no market for their skill. In other cases partially crippled men have trained for trades only to learn at the end that insurance laws or rules prevent their employment in those trades.

I asked Major Clark, the new chief of the Rehabilitation Division, whether the Bureau should not have prevented these conditions or warned the men of them. General Hines is now trying to clear the situation with the unions. But the Major, though he is not responsible for conditions, would not admit they were wrong.

"I believe the Bureau has done all that could be expected of it in dealing with the unions," he declared. "Every National union has adopted resolutions indorsing the work of the Bureau and promising co-operation. It is true that the locals do not always live up to the resolutions.

"But the Bureau does give the men training for the jobs they select and when they are trained finds them jobs, if possible. It seems to me that is enough."

Major Clark himself, however, pointed out some reasons why the men are poor judges of what will be good for them. First is that the compensation for men in training is more than many of them could make at their

trades. Wherefore they pick out the longest courses, regardless of the results. Also, as they near the end of their course, they try to find some good excuse for shifting to another course and starting all over again, with more months of easy life ahead. A good many have managed to change a dozen times—there is one case of fifteen shifts—and in the end such men have learned nothing well.

Another danger comes from the natural desire of men to reach for jobs of the kind they have always envied, even if they are above their abilities. The "white collar" trades, like telegraphy, stenography, and draughting, are among the magnets of this kind. Thousands have taken these courses who can never possibly do work of this grade. I know one "rehabilitated stenographer" who can neither spell nor write grammatically. He could get no work, and naturally complained bitterly. Finally he was given a new chance, and is now being trained as an equally impossible proof-reader!

The third danger is from the men who want "snap" courses—an easy life with all expenses paid. They appeared in such numbers that many of these courses were abolished, though thereby men who really needed them lost their chance. Music was such a course. The snap-hunter found it ideal; two lessons a week and the rest of the time for practice which he need never do! This was stopped. Presently along came a Negro who wanted to study the cornet, but was told to do some real work instead. He took tailoring, because he was married and needed the money, but told the adviser he wouldn't do well. He didn't, but he is actually studying cornet playing in his spare time. He had been an assistant bandmaster in a Negro regiment.

The final failure of the deserving politicians was that they were unable to make sure either that the trainee applied himself or that the work did him any good. There was a regular follow-through system, to be sure, but handled by "practical men." Their guesswork inspection permitted loafing and waste of time if the trainee was so minded, gave no basis on which to judge his demands for shifts from one course to another, and put the final frosting of incompetence on the muddle.

Such was the grab-bag. If a man knew what he wanted, judged his own abilities well, had a fair knowledge of the labor market, and was willing to work hard without discipline, then he would get a good preparation for life out of it. Probably most of the trainees did this. Mr. Wardlaw, assistant chief in New York, estimates that sixty per cent of the placement men have, and eighty per cent of the school men. The percentage would be even

higher for the few who went to colleges and professional schools.

Some have even done remarkably. There is one armless man who, after being graduated from law school, brought his first suit against the Bureau. He demanded increased compensation, on the ground that he was completely incapacitated from making a living! He won his case, too, though the higher courts are not through with it.

Of the men in vocational training only from a quarter to a third have given serious trouble—although it must be remembered that there have been some who quit school in disgust, others who have not the intelligence to know whether they are being properly trained or not, and yet others who do not care so long as they can keep on the pay-roll. The worst of the trouble-makers are, as always, the least deserving.

I learned of only one school which is really handling vocational training on modern methods. This is the College of the City of New York in a special school directed by Professor Baun. It applies scientific tests to the men, holds them to their work, and enforces discipline as it does with all its students. My notes on this school read "the first bright spot." It teaches 1,300 veterans.

It is my own opinion that the worst single thing I know about the Veterans' Bureau is the friction with this school. It is being constantly handicapped by the attitude of minor officials. The higher men are doing all they can, but are greatly hampered by politics and red tape. It is a long story, but the net result is that this, the one best school for the veterans, is on the verge of throwing up the work. Also, although it could handle many more students, its quota is not increased, as has been promised.

General Hines refused to discuss the matter except to say that he was trying to cure it, and that the College of the City of New York is doing just the kind of work all the schools ought to do. From another official, whose name I may not use, I got an opinion as to the motives behind the friction. He believes that the deserving jobholders wish to stop training at this school because there are political schools which want the pupils, and because it takes such good care of the men sent to it that it reduces the amount of work the Bureau has to do, and thus the number of jobs for politicians. He thinks also that the school is disliked because it shows so well what other schools ought to do but do not. Certainly few schools could stand comparison with it.

The final stage of rehabilitation—employment—is being done well. Places are usually found promptly and are fairly good. Some men of course find their own work. While there are

always a few waiting employment, there are usually personal difficulties which explain any long delays.

This is the situation into which General Hines is trying to put efficiency. He is being helped more or less by committees of citizens who are giving their time to arrange better placement and to help readjust vocational selection. He is putting what screws he has on the politicians.

Major Clark has just begun a complete resurvey of the vocational training, which when finished will give it the first sound basis to go on. He has a board at work in one district checking up the fitness of the men for the work they are taking and also laying down standard procedure for the survey. He is still, however, without expert help. This resurvey is being made by "practical men" and is not correlated to the labor market. No mental or manual tests are being used. And his boards will be handicapped by the unwillingness of Bureau employees to admit previous mistakes or to disturb the system.

Major Clark, like Dr. Rogers, believed that the Bureau had done pretty well—considering. But his estimate of the actual achievement in rehabilitation work is found in his statement that with salaries which would get the right men it could be improved seventy-five per cent!

Before judging the work it is necessary to understand just what should have been accomplished. Two points of view are found. One is that the Bureau's duty was no more than to provide a fair chance for each veteran, leaving it to him to make what he could out of it. On that basis the only serious failure has been in the poor quality of some of the schools.

The other view, more paternalistic, is that the Bureau owed it to the veterans to give them, not merely a chance, but a start in life; to see that they made good use of their opportunities and were in the end ready for successful independence. This is the attitude usually taken by Bureau officials, who seem to fall back of the first point of view only when excusing some failure.

On this standard the failure is very great. There has not been, and there is not yet, any assurance that a man will be assigned to a course for which he is fitted, that the training given will be of much value, or that he can find work at the trade for which he has trained. He may or may not get these things; his real success will depend almost entirely on himself.

Estimates of the number of cases in which the training has measurably failed vary from a quarter of the whole on up. If the lowest is right, then there have been more than forty thousand men whose rehabilitation has not rehabilitated them.



THE COURTESY OF THE JAPANESE

BY
STEWART B. NICHOLS



COURTESY is a virtue as commonly ascribed to the people of Japan as its absence is deplored in our own. Is it the refining influence of two thousand years of uninterrupted civilization which has thus mellowed the harsh contacts of human intercourse? Or is politeness rather a cloak for veiling the deeper feelings—a defense in a race whose training from a feudal past is instinct in that warrior phrase, "If you behold a stranger, consider him an enemy"?

With a modesty which is itself their partial refutation, Japanese quite frankly claim no credit for their courtesy. Students—iconoclasts and libelers—have told me with surprising unanimity, "We do not mean it; it comes not from the heart, I think." Sometimes it takes a stranger to see in us the virtues we ourselves possess. I submit these experiences with courteous Japan gleaned from ten months' residence in Buddha's Field, believing that the inaccuracies of first impressions are partially corrected without a loss of that original perspective and fresh insight which longer acquaintance tends to obscure.

POLITENESS BY DEGREES

The bow is at once the most obvious and striking variation from conventional Western courtesy. No place is too public, no meeting too casual, for this ubiquitous essential to Japanese

intercourse. Since esteem and politeness are measured by repetition as well as profundity, a formal gathering presents a sweeping and an amusing spectacle. A bow of 90° from the perpendicular, majestic and thrice repeated, is quite a usual procedure, while on one occasion I beheld a lady touch a car seat with her head, fully 120° of extravagant politeness.

A resident of Japan told me of witnessing the departure of a well-known local dignitary on a coastwise steamer. The usual delegation of well-wishing friends accompanied him to the wharf, a gracious custom so universally observed in Japan that almost every train departs amid a chorus of "banzais." This gentleman proceeded about his task of formal leave-taking despite repeated whistles of the steamer. When his boat pulled out, he was still on the wharf, bowing and smiling to his assembled friends. His remarks were undoubtedly in keeping with his actions.

I was asked by a student to correct a written address in English which he was to deliver as chairman of a student oratorical contest. The opening sentence read as follows: "I am very happy to have the honor to esteem it my privilege to welcome this distinguished audience to our poor meeting." Native politeness is not daunted by the difficulties of a foreign tongue. A business letter to an English firm

given me by a Kobe merchant for correction contained such choice apologies for lodging a small complaint, as well as for placing a large additional order, that I believe he thought the English firm was doing him a great favor in condescending to number him among its customers.

While it is impossible to convey exact equivalents in English, B. H. Chamberlain interprets literally the Japanese phrase for "come in" as "honorably entering deign;" "it is hot to-day," "honorably hot augustly is;" "you must go down a little in price," "little honorable cheapening deign"—an appeal which might touch the heart of even an American merchant. The honorifics *o* and *go* are constantly used in Japanese speech, adding dignity to such lowly terms as chopsticks, rice, and bath.

There is an astounding series of qualitative gradations in the politeness of the Japanese language, ranging from the elegant discourse of high society and the deferential reverence paid by servile inferiors to rank, to the rude language of the peasant class and the unadorned imperatives of the master to his servant. If extravagant in his politeness to superiors, the Japanese can be correspondingly curt to those below him. That the Englishman or American in Japan is given a footing of at least equality in Japanese society is undoubtedly one factor in

impressing upon him the courtesy of this island race. Yet the following, as literally typical of a meeting between two cultured Japanese of middle age, gives one grounds for insisting still upon their native courtesy:

Mrs. Ito. This—Mrs. Very Honorable Yamamoto can it augustly be?

Mrs. Yamamoto. Why, Mrs. Very Honorable Ito! I declare it [our absence] does deign to be a most honorable long time.

Mrs. I. A really terrible unexplainable-by-the-worst-excuse-of-all honorable unsociableness I am perpetrating. At your house, every honorable body, how do they augustly deign to be?

Mrs. Y. A thousand thanks are! Because of your augustly propitious shadow, sickness perpetrating persons honorably are not, and all in health are deigning to exist. Owing to which, at your honorable house all the honorables how are?

And on and on in unctuous perpetuity.

Among countless every-day phrases of similar vein, these will serve to show the attitude in which the Japanese approach their equals. If a Japanese wishes to express his sympathy with one over a genuine sorrow or trivial disappointment, he does so in the phrase *okinodoku*, "honorable poison of my spirit" (I sympathize with you so deeply my spirit is quite poisoned). If one remembers him with a gift, the expressive "*chodai itashimasu*" is forthcoming ("I receive it upon my head"), that position in which the bow approaches its zenith of 180°. The donor at the same time deprecates the gift with the brief apology "*somatsu no mono*" ("thing of coarseness"), sometimes preceded by a more vilifying "*osore irimasu*" ("I enter [to present you with this humble gift] in fear and trembling"). The Westerner, if he understood, would politely contradict his hostess in her offer of a cup of tea "*socha hitotsu meshitagari nasai*" ("deign to raise to your lips this cup of worthless tea"); while the host at the unbelievably bounteous Japanese repast involves himself in the courteous dilemma, "*Nani mo gozaimasen. Dozo, o agari nasai.*" ("There is positively nothing here. Pray deign to eat!")

In speaking of personal interests a Japanese is an ideal for the supremely modest. Anything to which he has any claim is a distinctly inferior article. "My humble father (*gufu*) begs your noble father (*kifu*) to condescend to come in." "My foolish younger brother (*gutei*) is playing with your excellent younger brother (*reitei*)." *Okusan* ("honorable madam") or *reifujin* ("the noble wife of your honorable person") becomes when used of his own wife, *kanai* ("person of the household") or *gusai*

("my silly female"). An invitation to an élite wedding recently celebrated in Kyoto bade the guests to "a rude affair."

One is given no chance to fear that a favor goes unappreciated in Japan. An American friend of mine met a fellow Japanese teacher whom he had not seen for several days. He was surprised at the latter's opening remark, "Thank you for last Sunday," for, though he knew Japanese etiquette requires one to thank a host at the earliest subsequent meeting for the tea or entertainment, he could recall neither an occasion nor a kindness. Then he remembered they had passed on the street a week before, each had stopped to make the conventional greeting, "Where are you going?" each had returned the non-committal "Over there," and had passed on—nothing more!

A Japanese often indicates his courteous interest or attention in a dialogue by a series of guttural responses varying from "hai" to an inarticulate grunt. I have heard a sober "Ha—ha, ha, ha—ha" repeated at about ten-second intervals for as many minutes at a friend's recitation of some personal experience. Another polite convention leads a speaker to punctuate his conversation by a hissing intake of breath between closed teeth. This pleasant habit, strangely distasteful to an American, becomes so familiar that one sometimes finds one's self unconsciously observing it. Its origin may revert to a former custom of regarding as peculiarly offensive contact with another's breath. To this day I have seen peasants hold their hands before their mouths when speaking to a person they regard as a superior.

YES, WE HAVE NO BANANAS!— JAPANESE VERSION

Another aspect of conversational courtesy which is not an unmixed blessing is the assiduous endeavor of the Japanese to please, at any and at all costs. If one speaks to a Japanese in English, he responds with an unblushing "yes" at each expectant pause—not, of course, to show his understanding, but merely undivided attention. How natural and unfortunate that the uninformed mistake this civility for agreement or comprehension! A flat unmitigated "no" to a request is a rare and almost pleasant surprise. "Will you come up to my room to-night?" "Yes, but I am going to Osaka." The first response to an impossible request is usually a thoughtful "yes." After a contemplative repetition, one hears "but" or the more illogical "and" followed by a suggestion of dissent, and knows at once the project is not entertained. Any circuitous affirmation to avoid the

rudeness of a "no" conforms to the exacting demands of social etiquette in Japan. The more earnest the request, the more intangible the refusal, till at last, if he is very polite, he will agree to anything in the heavens above or in the earth beneath. It must be said, however, that much of this misleading English is due to literal translation of the Japanese thought and ignorance of idiomatic English; a Japanese actually has no real equivalent for our informal "yes" of personal assent.

Most foreigners in Japan learn to understand, but in Hawaii, for example, this trait is considered by a well-known educator to be an important source of friction between American and Japanese. One is hardly to be blamed for accusing a laborer of unreliability who agrees to appear for work at a certain day and time, and simply doesn't. He probably never intended to, but, thinking you would be pleased with an affirmative reply, refused to disappoint you, in your presence, and expected you to understand.

An American working in a Japanese community several years ago was so unqualified that it became necessary to ask for his withdrawal. The Japanese urged that the request be made through another American resident, and they were accordingly relieved of the discourteous task. As the time of his departure, and their relief, drew near, the Japanese warmed up so well to the occasion, were so convincing in their protestations of sorrow, so profuse in their appreciation of his inestimable services, so earnest in their desire for his return, that in his farewell speech he said he feared he had been too hasty in his resignation.

A certain Japanese pastor was strongly disliked by an influential minority in his church, and the rest were persuaded in the interests of harmony to consent to his dismissal. At the public meeting, satisfied that the motion would be carried, the active minority were the only ones to vote against it!

In Japanese committee meetings an American may observe the frequent absence of formal voting. The chairman senses the trend of the discussion and announces the committee's verdict as a whole, subjecting no one to the painful humiliation of voting with a minority. This sensitiveness I found attested through another channel. Knowing the congestion and tremendous waiting lists of Japanese higher schools, I asked a student why a man was so rarely dismissed for repeated failure and inexcusable neglect of work. "Oh," was the reply, "he would be ashamed to be expelled; such a disgrace for him!"

On entering a meeting late (church, address, or public gathering) a Japan-

ese invariably pauses at the door to bow in the direction of the platform—a combination of innate politeness and humble apology for the discourtesy of his tardy presence. The Japanese shows a marked preference for a seat at the rear of the room and a position on the nearer end of a seat, his modesty occasioning those who follow him increasing inconvenience—"For when thou art bidden to a feast, sit not down in the chief seat; lest haply a more honorable man than thou be bidden. But go and sit down in the lowest place. For whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

A person who is forced to make a way for himself through a crowd or in front of others does so in a cross between a crouch and a bow, expressive of supreme humility, murmuring the while, "*Osore irimasu*" ("I go in trepidation"). Two Japanese quite out-hesitate Alphonse in debating precedence at narrow gate or door—"Dozo, o saki ye" ("Please, to the honorable front").

Gifts play a conspicuous part among the amenities of Japanese society. Convention prescribes that guests at a dinner party carry home with them, wrapped up in paper brought or provided for the purpose, a goodly portion of the generous individual service set before them. At the conclusion of our semi-annual faculty banquet the management of the inn provided each guest with a box tied in red and gold gift cord, containing a miniature replica of the already bounteous repast. Such contributions have a belated usefulness, however, as all too often the lady of the house has been left at home. An arresting nightly spectacle at a large city hotel is the departure of the members of some society or convention, in top hats and evening clothes, each with an identical white paper package under his arm, never to be opened till in the seclusion of his home.

Some small service (assistance in a problem, or talk), which at home would be accepted with thanks and a smile, more often brings the benefactor in Japan some concrete token of appreciation—a dainty work of art, or just as likely a supply of some prosaic article of diet. A personally conducted visit to an institution calls for the presentation, not only of post-cards of the establishment, but often more substantial souvenirs as well. A visit to a certain university in our city will ever be associated in my mind with a most useful Japanese grammar of the Tibetan language, appropriately presented on the occasion.

An interesting and often embarrassing feature of Japanese hospitality is the lavishness of one's entertainment when invited to a function or to

In the clear
October air the
whistles of the
football referees
shrill through
the land.

—
GEORGE
MARVIN

one of the keenest observers of the development of the game in the last few years, and a writer whose vivid pen has already attracted the attention of Outlook readers, tells in our issue of October 3 what it means to be a football player and what it means to be a football spectator.

—
Your enjoyment of
this year's big games
will be doubled if
you read this article.

a home. But the guest may ease his mind a little if he realizes that in this respect the Japanese believe in doing a job up well enough to last. So "foreign" hosts, who expect to entertain more simply and more often, have sometimes sensed an unvoiced disappointment in their guests, who had looked forward to a more elaborate banquet.

Among the concomitant amenities of a polite civilization might be mentioned the dangling mudguards, or "petticoats," suspended at the sides of auto wheels and individual steps to upper berths in sleeping cars. The

Japanese considers it a breach of etiquette to enter another's house in the informality of an overcoat. He insists, in summer rain or winter snow, on removing it outside the door. At frigid New Year's, when every speaking friend is remembered by a calling card and word of greeting, it is no uncommon sight to see a gentleman step from his jinrikisha, remove his coat and high silk hat at the street gate, and walk up to the house to leave his card in the tray left on the porch. After this gracious discharge of social obligation he dons his coat and hat at the street, and rides off to repeat the process the remainder of the day.

Apparent insincerity to the contrary, a better understanding seems to show that courtesy and honesty go hand in hand. Reading in a February number of The Outlook Mr. Berry's experiences with the honesty of the Japanese, I cannot refrain from mentioning two incidents which combine these qualities in a delightful way. One evening I made a small purchase on that quaint Kyoto street known to foreigners as "Teapot Hill." I hurried down the half-mile slope to the car, and was about to board it when a lady whom I recognized as my late shopkeeper came running up. Quite out of breath, she thrust into my hand a five-sen piece (two and one-half cents), which, she explained, I had overpaid her. With a look of relief, she set out upon the long, hard climb back to her shop.

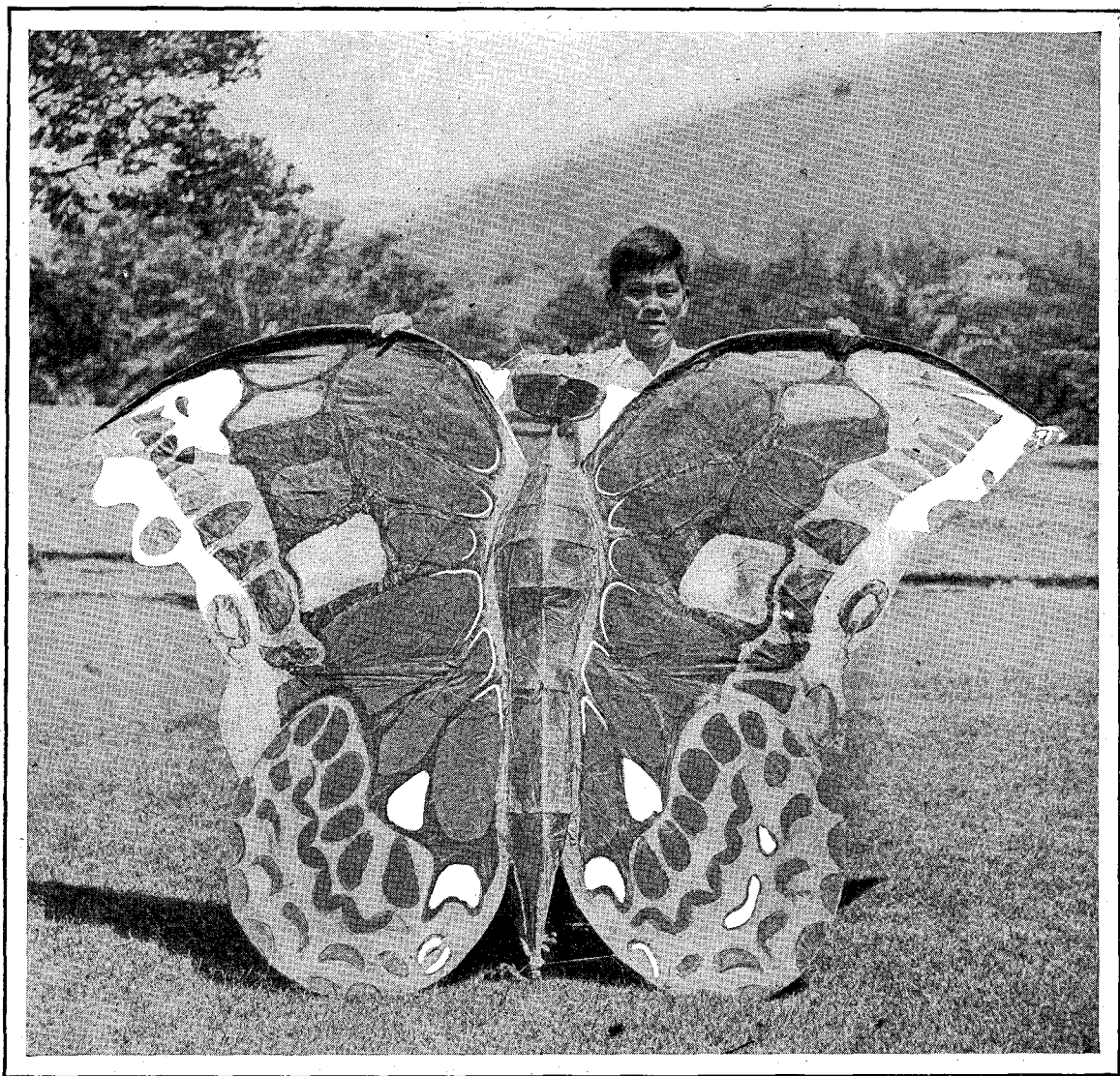
Nor is it penny honesty merely. I was stopping in a country hotel with a friend fortunate enough to have three hundred yen in his wallet. This unusual circumstance prompted him to put his pocketbook under his pillow for the night. He was called to the phone next morning from his classroom, and was surprised to be informed by the hotel that his wallet had been found where he had placed it carefully the night before.

Courtesy, after all, is but a formal expression of a universal impulse, and, though forms may vary, the instinctive gentleman in East or West will understand. Increasingly Japan is adopting conventions of the West at the expense of her own ancient heritage, a process involving much of loss as well as gain. For the age of the Orient has lent an experience and polish to its society which youth cannot attain. However conventional may be the every-day courtesy of the Japanese, however unconscious their polite speech, or however studied their efforts to please, their actual human contacts are marked by harmony and peace. Experience has bred a fineness of sensibility which stamps the gentleman, and helps to counteract in Japan an Oriental philosophy that life is not worth living.

AN ORIENTAL SPORT IN HAWAII



A GROUP OF BUTTERFLY KITES



CLOSE UP OF A BUTTERFLY KITE

These kites and their owners are photographed on the grounds of the Mid-Pacific Institute at Honolulu, Hawaii. The students of this school are mostly Oriental—Chinese, Japanese, and Koreans—including boys and girls from many of the South Sea Islands and from the Philippines, as well as from Hawaii itself. The pictures were taken on Kite Day, an annual event at the school. The boys construct and decorate their own kites and enter them in the various contests.

THE BOOK TABLE

THE NEW FICTION

IT would have been a pity if Mrs. Wharton had allowed the brainless "bromide" that no one wants war novels to deter her from applying her subtle art in depicting the psychology of Paris in war time. She was there; she saw the thing as it was; she herself played a part in it that brought her the decoration of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Now, in "A Son at the Front,"¹ she uses her intimate knowledge, not to describe war objectively, nor to disseminate propaganda of any sort, nor to instill hatred as between peoples, but purely to show the reactions of war on the feelings, affections, and ideals of certain individual men and women. Several of these are Americans, others Parisian to the core; almost all are left behind in the city while their sons or husbands are called to the front. Personal feelings—love, fear, anger, resentment at war's interference—yield but slowly to the growing perception that they are all part of the war, bound up with France's honor and safety.

Take, for instance, the case of Crampton, the artist, pure American by race but born in France, as was also his son just returned to Paris from Harvard as the war breaks out. The son is legally French and he accepts quietly and as a matter of course but with no special enthusiasm his call to the ranks. But the father, whose whole affection and interest in life lies in the son, is outraged and afflicted. So is the boy's fond and rather foolish mother. So is the mother's second husband (she divorced the artist long ago), who is rich and influential. The three pull every string to keep the son out of the ranks, succeed in getting him what the English called a "cushy" job, and are amazed when they learn long after that the young man, warmed into the fervor of patriotism, has secretly got himself transferred to the front. He is wounded, recovers, and gets to the front again just in time to be killed on the day before the Armistice. The artist ponders the meaning of this, recalls how an American boy came to him in Paris all the way from New York long before America entered the war and announced that he "wanted to get in this thing," and finally sadly realizes that there are forces and passions immensely stronger than personal interest or affection. Incidentally the study as between the father and the step-father of love for the boy and jealousy of each other is as fine a bit of analy-

sis as even Mrs. Wharton has ever given us.

So it is all through the book; we see slackers, schemers, selfish or superstitious women (there is a capital bit about a fashionable clairvoyant who is in despair because she cannot get real news about her own son), men who



WALLACE IRWIN

are greedy, vicious, ambitious, or mixtures of selfishness and patriotism; yet always the relentless, steady purpose of honor and victory carries France and Paris over and through everything.

Whether as an interpretation of mass psychology or as a dissection of individual emotion, the novel will take its place as a worthy addition to American fiction. It corresponds precisely with a definition lately propounded by Mr. Christopher Morley in his column: "Fiction is creative imagination redispensing the forces of existence in new patterns."

Like most novel lovers, I have been awaiting with pleasurable anticipation the next novel by Mrs. Sheila Kaye-Smith ever since I read her "Joanna Godden." Now that "The End of the House of Alard"² has appeared, I find it admirable, but in quite a different way from its predecessor. There is no one character that dominates as Joanna did in the earlier book, no one person who remains fixed in mind and memory as Joanna does. The new story

has its hold through the strength of its situation and its picture of new social conditions in England.

The decadence of the landed (or rather just now land-poor) nobility and gentry, when not bulwarked by the process of marrying more or less vulgar wealth, is fast taking place. To be sure, there are still rich dukes and rich baronets, but they are not as a rule living upon their land rents. The house of Alard hold a glorious slice of Sussex land, but they can't afford a decent cook, their rents are eaten up by the mortgages, they must sell or marry. The head of the house, old Sir John, is an irascible bully; his point of honor is never to sell land. His heir would be a decent fellow if he were not infected by the idea of "the family and the land"—now and forever, one and inseparable. So the heir loses the chance to marry a fine girl who loves him, takes to himself an Oriental-looking lady of literary taste and bottomless purse, and is horrified when his sister sensibly marries a well-to-do yeoman farmer whose people have held their farm for two hundred years but are not "gentry." It is quite a different thing for the heir to marry Oriental moneybags and for the heir's sister to marry a farmer who works with his hands. The first is for the good of the family; the second isn't. Yet, despite this profound conviction, the heir grieves, suffers, and at last kills himself just as his father dies. The youngest son of all, Gervase, is a rebel against tradition and works for his living. The reader likes him immensely, and is sorry that his failure to win the love of the girl his brother practically jilted leads Gervase to join an Anglican monastery and seek the spiritual solace of a form of Catholicism which differs from the Roman branch in little save denial of Rome's ecclesiastical supremacy.

In some ways "The End of the House of Alard" reminds one of the best of Archibald Marshall's stories rather than of "Joanna Godden." It is wrought out with care and deliberateness and deals with its theme in a masterly manner.

Mr. Locke's ability as a story-teller is a recognized fact. His inventive skill is never at a loss. His sense of humor is always behind characters and incidents. All these things are to be found in his new book "The Lengthened Shadow."³ The tale will be widely read. It is not in the front rank of his long list of stories because in centering the interest in and around an accomplished villain he has done his work too thoroughly—this Moodius is both too accomplished and

¹ A Son at the Front. By Edith Wharton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.

² The End of the House of Alard. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.

³ The Lengthened Shadow. By William J. Locke. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$2.

too villainous; we simply do not believe in him. Timothy, his co-executor over the singular will of the irascible and almost equally villainous scamp, Grabbiter, is a mild edition of "Septimus," not so eccentric but equally simple and noble in mind, the kind of character that makes every one call Mr. Locke "whimsical." The only really happy ending should have rewarded Timothy with the hand of the delightful but over-trustful Suzanne, but fate and Mr. Locke ruled otherwise. Poor Suzanne is left unmarried, in spite of the "blurb's" statement to the contrary.

Mr. Irwin's "Lew Tyler's Wives" in its early chapters impresses one as dealing with the surface of life rather than the depths—all, to be sure, in an entertaining and lively way. As the story goes on, however, and especially in the part relating to Lew's second wife (he had only two, after all, a quite moderate allowance in these days of easy divorce), the author develops a strength in presenting life's actualities and in the working out of character under stress and strain that gives his book a right to be classed with the

*Lew Tyler's Wives. By Wallace Irwin. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$2.



SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

fiction that is to be taken seriously. All three of the principal figures in the book—Lew and his two wives—are mighty interesting, and their history certainly holds the attention closely from beginning to end.

R. D. TOWNSEND.

THE NEW BOOKS

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

BOYS' BOOK OF BUCCANEERS (THE). By A. Hyatt Verrill. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$2.

These are true stories of pirates and semi-pirates, written by an author who has to his credit some of the most readable and animated juvenile books of recent years. We are willing to praise everything about the book except the skull and bones flag, which has a singular resemblance to a poison label on a medicine bottle.

JACK GREGORY. By Warren Lee Goss. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. \$1.75.

We are glad to see that the boys are still fond of stories of the Revolution. Mr. Goss carries on the tale of Jack's adventures in the War of the Revolution in much the same fashion in which he has already related the story of the boy Jed in the Civil War.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

NORTHERN NEIGHBORS. By Wilfred T. Grenfell. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$2.

Dr. Grenfell's experiences in Labrador have been many and exciting, and he has garnered them here into a sheaf of stories that will stir the blood of all readers who love the sea and the people who live on it and by it. The style is simple, direct, and forceful.

THE MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE. By Rolland Jenkins. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$3.50.

The increasing popularity of the Mediterranean trip as a winter recreation makes this book timely. It is

matter-of-fact in its descriptions, as a good guide-book should be; but its large type and its numerous pictures make it more suitable for preparatory reading for those who are planning a visit to the regions described. As such it is informative, up to date, and comprehensive.

EDUCATIONAL

THE CHILD AT HOME. By Cynthia Asquith. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.75.

Lady Cynthia Asquith, who is the wife of a son of former Premier Asquith, makes a very able and sympathetic attorney for childhood. One has the feeling in reading her "small book on a large subject" that throughout she is pleading and arguing the child's cause to a jury of somewhat heavy-footed adults, in an effort to induce them not to step too blunderingly upon the fragile and precious rights and pleasures of her small clients. Her angle is, delightfully, that of a grown-up child gifted with adult vision who remembers just how she felt about everything, rather than that of a grown-up, pure and simple, regarding children objectively, as a species.

And yet she has contrived by virtue of unsentimental and humorous common sense to maintain a delicate balance of fairness between the two sides. There is none of that undue modern magnification of the child as the sole personage of importance in the home. She is much concerned for mothers: that they shall get more fun out of

their children than they do; that they shall not worriedly regard childhood as a "sort of illness" to be lived through, somehow; that they shall be enabled, through imagination and a more impersonal understanding of their children's own psychological problems, to "duck" discipline some times—avoid the necessity for it by substituting a pleasant expectation of good conduct, seldom disappointed.

The author's advice is never theoretical or officious, but is conveyed by inference in a series of practical and quaint little sketches of the every-day life of children and their mothers. From the business of choosing a nurse or doctor to table manners, from the absorptions of reading aloud to gardening, from the ecstasy of the first matinee to the pathology of fear in the dark, the gamut of the child's inner mind and of the mother's daily need to know it is run.

POETRY

THE DANCER IN THE SHRINE. By Amanda Benjamin Hall. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.50.

This is a first book of poems by a writer who has become known through the magazines, as a maker of pleasant verses. The book reinforces that reputation, shows certain more pronounced qualities of excellence, and reveals certain tendencies that constantly menace the dignity and effectiveness of the work. There is scarcely a poem in the book that is not pleasant reading when encountered alone. Some of the poems, like "Too Soon the Lightest Feet" and "Joe Tinker," are rich in imagination and feeling, and carry the authentic accent of fine poetry. What one laments on reading the book as a whole is the ever imminent menace of prettiness and of sentimentality. The title poem is nearly spoiled by these tendencies. Miss Hall writes much of nature and of her spirit's affinity therewith. These poems are competently executed though not always convincing of more than a becoming attitude, pleasantly phrased. Music and lively fancy and an occasional vividness of phrase are among the memorable qualities of a collection that is uniformly pleasant, and sometimes more than this.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

CENTURY OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS (A). By Florence V. Barry. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$2.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

LEGENDS OF ANCIENT EGYPT. By F. H. Brooksbank. The Thomas H. Crowell Company, New York. \$2.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

FRENCH LITERATURE DURING THE LAST HALF CENTURY. By J. W. Cunliffe. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.50.

SCIENCE

DREAMS OF AN ASTRONOMER. By Camille Flammarion. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$3.50.

CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY



CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING likes to be known as a free-lance contributor of non-fiction to magazines and newspapers rather than as an editor, although he has had considerable experience in magazine-making. He served on the staff of the "Literary Digest,"

then as news editor of "Collier's" and as managing editor of "Collier's." While abroad during the war he was the first managing editor of the A. E. F.'s official weekly, the "Stars and Stripes." The cartoon of Mr. Cushing which accompanies this note was put in at his special request. He thinks that the gentlemen whom he describes in his article may regard his picture as some compensation for the remarks he has made about them.

STEWART B. NICHOLS is a graduate of Amherst College, class of 1922. He is now in Kyoto, Japan, filling a two-year appointment as a representative of Amherst at the Doshisha University. In the course of his teaching and study there, and from his athletic and social contact with the students, he has been able to gain an interesting insight into the character and attitudes of the Japanese youth of to-day.

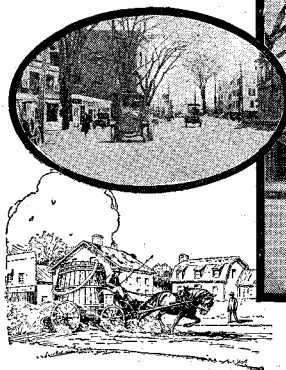
STANLEY FROST is an author, reporter, and writer of special articles, now engaged in analyzing the veteran problem for The Outlook. His second article on this subject appears in this issue.



WITH the Middle West as the scene of his birth and education; Colorado, Montana, and western Canada as his playground; and New York as his business headquarters, Mr. Albert Britt has managed to keep intimately informed on open-

air life and activities in most parts of the country from New Brunswick to the Pacific Coast. Mr. Britt is the former editor of "Outing" and the possessor of a large amount of fascinating outdoor information.

HENRY J. HASKELL has been on the staff of the Kansas City (Missouri) "Star" for 23 years. He has been associate editor since 1911. He rightfully possesses a National reputation as a political observer.



Left: Street in York Village, Maine, first treated with Tarvia in 1913.

A macadam road brought up to date. Main Street, Le Roy, New York—Transformed by Tarvia during 1919 and 1920.



Columbia Avenue, Vandergrift, Pa., once an old brick street, was surfaced with Tarvia in 1914.

The Three Ages of Main Street—

WHAT are the three ages of America's Main Streets? First, the Age of Mud and Dust—the age of the sprinkling cart—the age when spring thaws turned Main Street into a mud-hole. Unpaved and untended, the old-fashioned Main Street was a daily affront to the community.

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Main Street has been extended. Instead of a short stretch of ultra-expensive pavement, there are miles of moderate priced, low maintenance cost Tarvia roads—radiating out into the country, and bringing business into the town by automobile and truck. Hundreds of towns and counties have found that Tarvia roads are the economical solution of the good roads problem—satisfactory alike to road officials and taxpayers.

For Tarvia roads are not only firm, smooth, dustless and mudless all the year round—they are far less costly to build and maintain than any other type of modern highway. Because of these economies, the use of Tarvia insures the most miles of good roads that can possibly be built and maintained with the road funds available. There is a grade of Tarvia for every road purpose—new construction, repairs or maintenance.

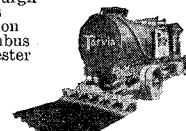
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State Street, Havi, Michigan, first treated with Tarvia in 1913.

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

FIVE WAYS TO AVOID UNPROFITABLE INVESTMENTS

A CORRESPONDENT asks a suggestive question: What are the five chief reasons why investing money in bonds and stocks is not always a profitable transaction?

At the top of our list we should put lack of knowledge on the part of the investing public, and add four other reasons which really are corollaries of this main proposition. We heard of an experienced lecturer's telling a young man, new at the game, that it is impossible to overestimate the ignorance of an audience. The average investor is not customarily the wisest of men. He knows

little, and takes no trouble to find out. The railing at Wall Street, and attacks on banking, would soon stop if the general public obtained some knowledge—not much—of Wall Street and bankers. How many people have any real basis on which they can fairly decide as to suitable investments? How many know anything about "the existing machinery of the investment world"? How many know what is meant by the rediscount rate? What is call and time money? How many can read a financial statement intelligently? What about the Federal Reserve System? All of these things, if we only knew it, affect every one of

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us every day of our lives, and it is to our advantage to know something about them. It would also be of tremendous advantage to Wall Street, and to banking generally, if the public, instead of having to be educated, had a financial knowledge of at least grammar school standing.

Second on the list of reasons, we should place avarice on the part of investors. The ordinary human being—and who isn't?—has in greater or less degree the desire to get something for nothing, or a lot for a little. This spirit is manifested at bargain sales, around "wheels of fortune," in grab bags at the Sunday school social, and in gambling-houses. The long shot at the horse races always has its appeal; so it has in the stock market. Long shots win sometimes, and we tell ourselves that if another can do it so can we. We forget that the chances are all against us, and that in all probability our money will be gone before our turn to win has come. Out-and-out speculations, or merely unusually high yields, they are phases of the same human desire for easy money. And it seems to make little difference whether the collection of this gambling capital has been slow and arduous, or easy and fairly sudden; if anything, it would seem as if the people with the least money and the smallest right to speculate are the ones who furnish most of the funds for this pastime. Here again this avarice is really a result of lack of knowledge, for the safest investment is in the long run always the most profitable. People who win speculating only prove the rule, and eventually most of them lose all their winnings, anyway.

There are crooked dealers in stocks and bonds, just as there are dishonest people in every other kind of business. Yet these crooked dealers in stocks and bonds could not operate two days were it not for the ignorance of the investing public and its eager desire for easy money. They trade and fatten upon these two weaknesses, and also upon the public's gullibility—a fourth reason why the business of investing is often so unprofitable. People through ignorance fail to ask the few vital questions which an experienced investor would propound, and which would immediately put him on his guard; they do not know the essentials of a good investment. The crooked dealer promises large profits coupled with unusually high returns, and so he appeals to the victim's avarice. And as the victim is gullible, through ignorance and avarice, he believes what is told him, the deal is made, and the money changes hands—permanently, as a rule. One crook in Wall Street, or one crooked banker in the banking community, can do more harm in one month than the honest people can do good in a year. Wall Street



"You intimated this might happen"

ONE MORNING the newspapers published a dispatch concerning a foreign development which unfavorably affected many American firms engaged in foreign trade. The news was unexpected. It created in certain quarters a feeling of uneasiness.

"Am I surprised by this? No," said one exporter to his banker. "You intimated that it might happen; and during the past two months we have been able to prepare against it."

Because of its familiarity with conditions abroad, and its daily contact with foreign bankers and business men, The Equitable frequently is able to anticipate financial and economic developments, and to make suggestions that benefit its customers.

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WHAT'S AHEAD THIS FALL?

Last Spring (in March) when discussing the stock market outlook for the summer months, we advised the liquidation of all stocks and the "short sale" of a selected list of industrial issues.

Following that, the market lost nearly 50% of its total advance. After such liquidation, we changed our attitude radically.

WHAT NOW?

We have recently prepared a forecast of Fall conditions, stock marketwise, analyzing the situation from all angles. It should prove as valuable as our March analysis of Summer conditions. A few copies are available for FREE distribution.

To obtain it simply return the
blank below.

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Send me, without obligation, Analysis SO-26 and descriptive booklet.

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT (Continued)

knows this, and so do the bankers, and they are engaged in a continuous war upon these dishonest fakers. They know better than any one else how great a menace these people are to the legitimate business they are trying to transact. They also know that the main obstacles in the way of their rendering this service to themselves, and to the public, are the ignorance, avarice, and gullibility of the average citizen.

Fifth on our list of reasons why investing is not a happier pastime in many cases is the failure of people to pay any attention to their investments after they get them. A share of stock or a bond does not look after itself any more than does a gasoline engine; and securities, like engines, require constant attention. Many a man with money invested in his own business, which he watches like a hawk, has money in the shape of stocks and bonds invested in some one else's business, and scarcely gives these other businesses a thought. It means time and work to keep in touch, of course, but few objects in this world can be attained without time and work, and money saved is certainly worth keeping. People with many investments sometimes employ trust companies to look after them; others periodically submit their lists to a banker for purposes of criticism, and in order to get suggestions if changes seem advisable. Conditions in the business world are in a continual state of change, and the successful business man is he who is aware of these changes and holds himself in readiness to meet them. An investor is a man with a share in some business, and he should keep himself posted as to what it is doing, and how it is meeting the varying conditions

which present themselves. There is no such thing as an investment which can be put away and forgotten. The higher grade the investment the less attention it requires, but the prudent man keeps in touch with all his investments.

In our opinion, therefore, the five principal reasons why the average person finds the business of investing unprofitable are: lack of knowledge on his part, his desire to get too much for his money, his being the prey of dishonest dealers, his gullibility, and, lastly, his failure to give the necessary attention to his purchases after they are made. And it seems to us we have listed these reasons in about the order of their relative importance.

THE OUTLOOK FOR MARKS

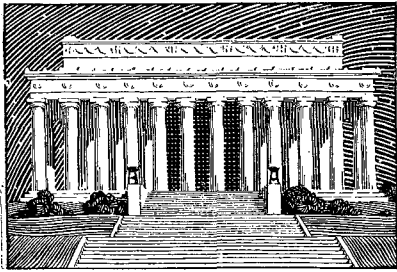
THE Dresden Bank, Geschäftsstelle Heidelberg, is sending you a check of \$6.50 at my order to cover the extension of my Outlook subscription another year from this November. The present "capital flight law" forbids private individuals in Germany to send money abroad. The banks can also make remittances only after the previous permission of the national financial office for each transaction. This permission I was able to get from the official in question for the bank only after convincing the man that for the loss through export of the \$6.50 Germany would receive an equal value in the form of a worth-while magazine through import.

This is the third renewal I have sent you from Germany. It may be interesting that, as I ascertain from the exact cost accounts which I keep, my check to you in September, 1921, of \$6.50 cost me 839.70 marks; the second one, in August, 1922, 6,583.00 marks; and the present one, 27,495,000 marks.

The unhappy effects of this inflation in many cases have been correctly described by some of your contributors. But the real nature of the case should not be forgotten. Given that there are to-day 200,000,000,000 marks in circulation and that there are next week 400,000,000,000, then the purchasing power of each of the original 200,000,000,000 has been decreased by one-half, and this half of taken-away purchasing power has been given to the additional 200,000,000,000. That is, there has been a forced loan from the possessors of the original 200,000,000,000 marks to the Government, which has played its rôle as holder of the additional 200,000,000,000. The possessors of the original marks are the victims of unremunerated expropriation of their property on the part of their own Government.

The motives for this expropriation,

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT (Continued)

it seems to me, have been accurately stated in your paper. They appear to me partly direct, partly indirect. The direct motive is that the Government by this means is saved the necessity of levying taxes or charging the rates for services otherwise necessary to balance the budget. This makes the Government popular with the propertied interests, users of the railways, etc. The direct motives are several. The inflation helps the powerful capitalist group, in that the employers are enabled to buy labor relatively cheaper and to compete more successfully abroad. Such property as they must carry in currency is invested in foreign moneys. Finally, the Government hopes that the smoke screen of apparent poverty thrown over the nation by the inflation will assure Germany a reduction in the matter of reparations.

OWEN WALKER.

Heidelberg, Germany.

"USE YOUR HEAD, AND WATCH YOUR STEP"

I HAVE attended a number of "Safety Meetings" during the past three months. I have heard every phase of accident prevention discussed, pro and con. It has been a wonderful lesson in many ways, and will in all probability prevent numberless accidents.

But through it all I have been impressed with the one idea. All the effort has been toward making the conditions for the men just as safe as possible rather than making the men safe for the conditions.

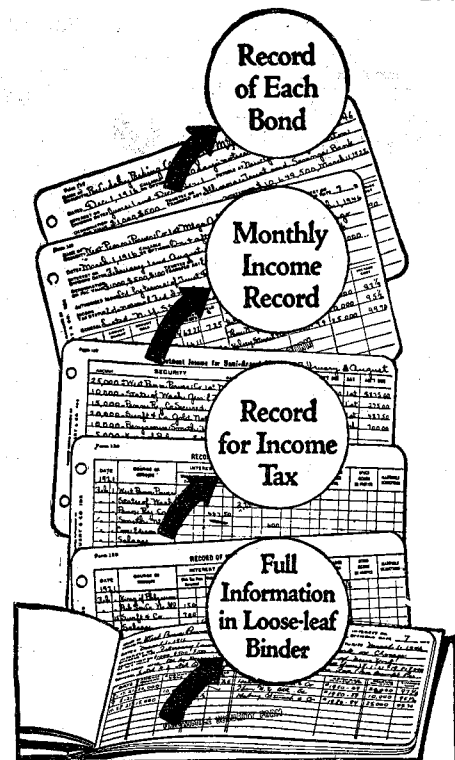
There isn't a fool-proof piece of machinery in the world. I saw this exemplified in a chop suey house one night. I was settling with the cashier when there was a squeal from one of the ladies. Investigation disclosed the fact that she had been monkeying with the cigar-cutter and nipped off the tip of her index finger.

I have in mind a small man who can meet with more accidents than a giant. This man will get his mind on something and walk along unseeing. When he is thinking he is like the colored man's horse—he just doesn't give a whoop, apparently.

There are hundreds of men just like him. Their minds are not on the matter in hand. They think at random, and move haphazardly at the same time. I think the greatest lesson that can be taught to each individual workman is to keep his mind constantly on what he is doing and where he is going. This is just as important as safety devices, and, in fact, more so, as his mind and footsteps are constantly under his own control.

A. E. JOHNSON.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



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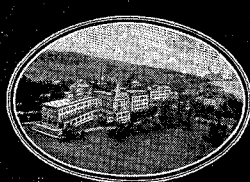
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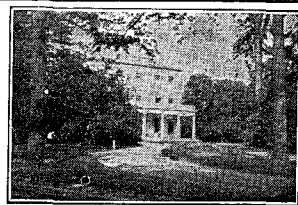
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CO-OPERATIVE PLACEMENT SERVICE. Social workers, secretaries, superintendents, matrons, housekeepers, dietitians, companions, governesses, mothers' helpers. Miss Richards' Bureau, Box 5, East Side Providence.

HOPKINS' Educational Agency, 507 Fifth Ave. Governesses, nurses, housekeepers, dietitians, companions, attendants. Supply families, schools, institutions.

FOR THE HOME

HONEY. Delicious new honey direct from producer. Five pounds, \$1.15; ten pounds \$2.10. New buckwheat honey, five pounds \$1.00; ten pounds, \$1.80. Postpaid in Zones 1 and 3. **Herbert A. McCallum, Great Barrington, Mass.**

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UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid \$1.50. Samples on request. **Lewis, 284 Second Ave. Troy, N. Y.**

FOR \$1 postpaid. 200 sheets bond note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address. 10c extra west of the Mississippi. Order direct or write for samples **M. C. Harp, Box 139E, Lansingburg, N. Y.**

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HELP WANTED

Business Situations

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." **Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite 5842, Washington, D. C.**

EARN money selling Christmas cards. Samples, fifty cents. **Anna Wildman, The Clinton, Philadelphia.**

Companions and Domestic Helpers. ATTENDANT wanted for physical care of children in small private school. Address: 70 Prospect St., Portchester, N. Y.

GOVERNESS or mother's helper, at Summit, N. J., to assist in care of boy 10 and girl 6, and in the management of servant and household. Position permanent. 4,223 Outlook.

WANTED—Working housekeeper with or without daughter in adult family of three. Must be good cook and also serve, take care of table and dining-room. High wages. Person of responsibility and refinement desired who would like good home and consideration. 4,224 Outlook.

WANTED—Refined, mature woman desiring Christian home. Assistant homemaker with two sisters. Moderate pay, proportionate to work. 130 William, Bonton, N. J.

MOTHER'S companion helper to take on the charge of one-year-old infant. Cheerful woman, over thirty, wishing permanent pleasant home in New York with adequate compensation, write full details to 4,234 Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED about October 1 teaching governor for two children. 4,211 Outlook.

WANTED—Governess between 25 and 35 for two little girls, 5 and 8 years. Must have pleasing personality and fond of children. Best references required and given. 4,219 Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

TWO nurses, English trained, wish position together with invalid or children. Best references. 4,263, Outlook.

Business Situations

CHAPERON—Young woman, resident of New York, cultured, responsible, executive, experience in America and abroad, in touch with music and art centers, lectures, etc., would like to chaperon young woman in city for study or pleasure. Would travel. Excellent connections and references. Address 4,286, Outlook.

MAN of thirty-seven wishes to establish a children's home and take its management alone or in association with one or more others, if some person or persons will furnish sufficient capital to start and carry it on until it becomes self-supporting. This may be done in a small way at first, and someone might give the use of their house as a step in this direction. Failing this proposition, he would like the superintendency or other executive office in a home already established. He has held important positions in social and government work. He would also be glad to assume the devoted care and close companionship of a child or children in a cultured private home where the parents may be going away or for any reason wish the assistance of a person of judgment and responsibility. Excellent references given and asked. He will welcome correspondence relative to any of the above matters. 4,280 Outlook.

MAN, with ten years' very successful experience, seeks connection with high class camp as director or associate. 4,278, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

SISTERS, one registered nurse, one experienced nurse, would like positions with families going to CALIFORNIA for winter. 4,214, Outlook.

REFINED, capable woman desires position as chaperon to young girls, hostess, or companion to lady. 4,291, Outlook.

POSITION as housemother or matron in school or college desired by middle-aged woman experienced in handling girls. 4,292, Outlook.

COMPANION-attendant for elderly lady or gentleman or semi-invalid by refined middle-aged American woman of experience. 4,285, Outlook.

LADY desires position as working housekeeper to elderly couple or one or more business men. Capable and experienced. Country preferred. 4,287, Outlook.

YOUNG lady desires position in refined family as companion or nursery-governess. Will travel. 4,289, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN, experienced, competent to manage gentleman's establishment, chaperon young people, or position as companion or hostess. Would travel. Credentials. 4,288, Outlook.

HOME-MANAGER and COMPANION to courteous middle-aged widower having servants and no family. American, Protestant. 4,255, Outlook.

ENGLISHWOMAN, useful companion, speaks French, (dressmaking), desires position with family going abroad. References. P. 172 West Brookline St., Boston, Mass.

KNOW'S the time to secure educated young woman familiar with European travel. 4,256, Outlook.

YOUNG English lady desires position companion secretary, family going California winter. 4,259, Outlook.

WANTED by woman of education and refinement, position as secretary-companion to lady. Accustomed to handling servants. 4,260, Outlook.

WANTED by widow, position of managing housekeeper, chaperon or hostess. References exchanged. 4,262, Outlook.

ENGLISH gentlewoman desires engagement as superintendent (or assistant) of institution, managing housekeeper in private home, or any position of trust. 4,269, Outlook.

POSITION wanted as companion housekeeper. Agreeable, accomplished housekeeper, successful management of servants, experienced buyer, good traveler. 4,268, Outlook.

COMPANION-housekeeper, with family going South. Experienced in care of invalids, elderly people, and children. Capable, dependable, adaptable. Highest testimonials. 4,266, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER or chaperon by a New England woman: long experience in all household duties. 4,281, Outlook.

POSITION as working housekeeper for two or three men or business women. 4,271, Outlook.

COMPANION to invalid or elderly person, by middle-aged man exceptionally qualified by temperament and experience. Educated, traveled, capable secretary. Go anywhere. Reasonable compensation. 4,272, Outlook.

MAN and wife would like position for the winter in Florida. Best references. Address Leo Haischer, Raquette Lake, N. Y.

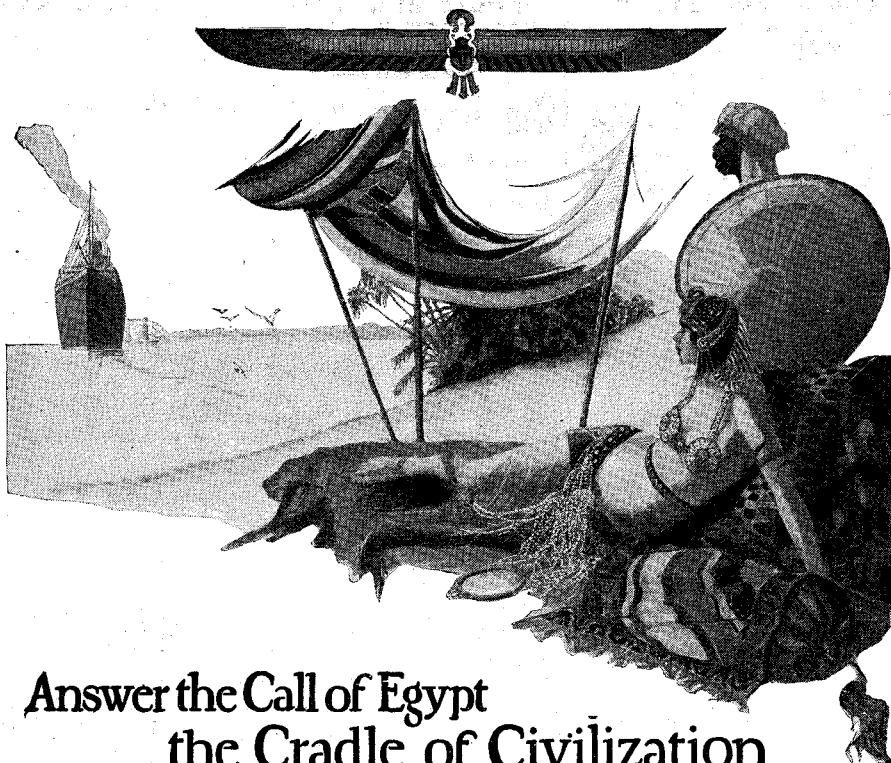
Teachers and Governesses

YOUNG lady, refined, Scottish Protestant, desires position as nursery governess to one or two children over 4 years. About October 15. Highest Scottish and American references. 4,264, Outlook.

POSITION desired by young woman of experience as teacher to children between ages of six and twelve in private home in or near Philadelphia. References given. 4,277, Outlook.

RELIABLE and capable practical governess. American, Protestant, wishes position of trust. Understands physical care. Or as companion or assistant in the home. Excellent references. 4,282, Outlook.

TEACHER, needing change of employment, will care for semi-invalid or unusual child in comfortable home where help is employed. Miss B., 1876 Stanwood Rd., E. Cleveland, O. Eddy 7559 W.



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And have you seen gray Gibraltar frowning across the Strait at the tessellated rainbow of the Atlas Mountain Range? Have you seen Algiers and Tunis with their Arabian charm? Have you seen the new and the Imperial Rome, the Acropolis at Athens and the Mosques and minarets at Constantinople; Naples, Vesuvius and Pompeii, gay Monaco and the Cote d'Azur? The sacred cities of Palestine?

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Cincinnati, 430 Walnut St.
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Detroit, 1239 Griswold St.
Duluth, Soo Line Depot.

Kansas City, Mo., 601 Railway Exchange Bldg.
Los Angeles, 605 S. Spring St.
Minneapolis, 611 Second Ave., S.
Montreal, 141 Saint James St.
New York, Madison Ave. at 44th St.
Philadelphia, Locust & 15th St.
Pittsburgh, 340 Sixth Ave.
Portland, Ore., 55 Third St.

San Francisco, 675 Market St.
Seattle, 608 Second Ave.
St. Louis, 420 Locust St.
Tacoma, 1113 Pacific Ave.
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IT SPANS THE WORLD

SITUATIONS WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

SUCCESSFUL teacher of defective children is open for engagement October 1. Private cases preferred. 4,201, Outlook.

TUTOR governess, college graduate, Protestant. Prefer country. 4,257, Outlook.

TEACHER-governess. Englishwoman desires position. English, French, music (good). Highest references. 4,261, Outlook.

TEACHER, school or family, experienced, well recommended, successful with backward children. 4,290, Outlook.

GOVERNESS, nursery, well educated, French and English, physical care, nice sewer, would travel. Mademoiselle S. Meyer, 28 Appleton St., Boston, Mass.

TUTOR-governess, Swiss, college graduate, desires position, family, school. English branches, languages, music. European travel. Highest references. 4,276, Outlook.

CHILD training. Woman loving children, expert, will accept group or special case during winter. Part time only, in or near New York City. University graduate, musical, thorough art training, athletic. 4,270, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

GOVERNESS for backward children. Physical care and training. Nine years in the work. 4,267, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

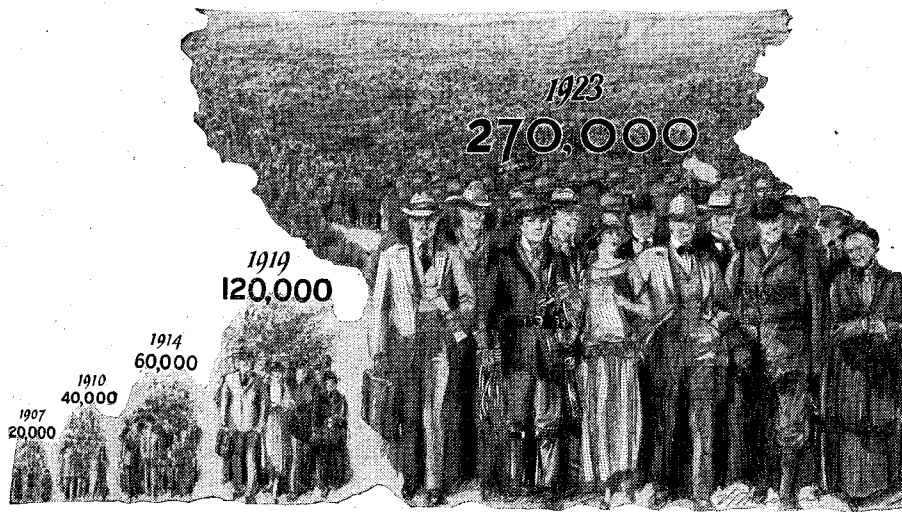
LESSONS in English diction by EXPERT. 4,273, Outlook.

FOR SALE—Antique mahogany furniture, Oriental rugs, ruby glass, oil painting by Loyal Field, convex mirror and other furnishings. No dealers. Telephone Plaza 4520, Apt. 6B. Seen by appointment only. 4,293, Outlook.

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-in Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

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"Who owns the company?" "What is behind it?" These questions are asked in appraising the soundness of a business and in determining its aims.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company is owned by more than 270,000 people living in every state in the Union. Could the stockholders of the Bell System be gathered to one place, they would equal the population of a city about the size of Providence or Denver.

They constitute a representative cross-section of American citizenship. Among them, of course, are bankers and men of large affairs; for the idea of

ownership in the Bell System appeals to sound business judgment and a trained sense of values.

In this community of owners are the average man and woman, the storekeeper, the clerk, the salesman, the professional man, the farmer and the housewife—users of the telephone who with their savings have purchased a share in its ownership. The average individual holding is but twenty-six shares.

No institution is more popularly owned than the Bell System, none has its shares distributed more widely. In the truest sense it is owned by those it serves.

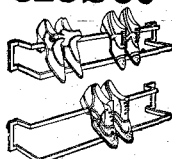


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Sold by dealers or direct. BLACK ENAMEL, NICKEL or BRONZE—set of three, \$4.50—pair, \$3.00—one, \$1.50. HAND PAINTED FLORAL DESIGN ON BLACK ENAMEL set of three, \$6.00—pair, \$4.00—one, \$2.00. Sizes: 20 or 24 inches wide. West of Rockies and Canada, 10c extra per rack. NEATWAY CO., 117T West Larned St., Detroit, Mich.

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BY THE WAY

QUEER things are left by forgetful passengers on the New York City subways. Not long ago it was reported that among unclaimed articles in the "lost" department of the underground were a small tombstone and a kit of burglar's tools! Imagine the tombstone-cutter saying to himself, "Where *did* I leave that stone? Was it at the cafeteria, or the drug-store, or did I have it when I went shopping with the wife?" And the burglar applying at the desk for the missing implements of his profession. "Please describe the articles you lost," says the attendant. "Well, there was a sectional jimmy, and a porch-climber's folding ladder, and a pair of brass knuckles, and a bunch of skeleton keys, and a small can of nitro-glycerine, and—" "Hold on, they're yours! But just wait a minute till I call a policeman!"

From the "Jewelers' Weekly:"

Teacher—"Now, Johnny, which would you rather have your father promise to give you—a silver watch or a gold one?" Johnny—"A silver one, 'cause I'd think he meant it then."

The printing office of a transatlantic liner is a busy place, we are told in a magazine article. That of the Olympic is in a room 8 x 12 feet, and it has a day and a night force—three men for day work, one at night. Besides a daily news sheet, these men print fourteen different daily menus—three each for first, second, and third class, one for the restaurant, and one for the "maids and valets" room.

The printers on the Olympic seem to be Cockneys, judging from the conversation recorded: "With a look of disgust they pointed to their glasses—'We 'ave to drink h-i-c-e w-a-t-e-r!' When I said to them that that would be more satisfactory to me than beer, one old comp removed his pipe and said, 'Well, you Americans 'ave refrigerator stomachs!'"

From the London "Sphere:"

Some little girls were boasting of their respective families. The minister's little daughter said: "Every package that comes for my papa is marked 'D.D.' " "And every package that comes for my papa is marked 'M.D.,' retorted the daughter of the physician. Then followed a look of contempt from the youngest of the group. "Euh!" she exclaimed. "Every package that comes to our house has three letters on it—'C.O.D.' "

Technical terms are often puzzling to the "general reader." Here is a sample that seems unintelligible to us, though it doubtless means something

You, *too*, will say we have succeeded

We have tried sincerely to make ours the finest railway in the world. For your safety and your comfort we have spared neither expense, nor time, nor toil. We own and operate all our cars, even the sleeping cars. We train and hold responsible every man that serves you. As the climax of our sixty years of conscientious public service we have *electrified*, over hundreds of miles, that gorgeous section of our right of way across the Rocky Mountains. When you travel on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul between the Great Lakes and the wonderland of Puget Sound, you will say we have succeeded in making ours the finest and most progressive railroad in the world.

GEORGE B. HAYNES, General Passenger Agent
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

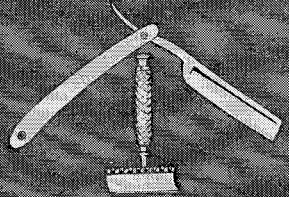
The only line operating transcontinental trains by electric power

The only line owning and operating its own sleeping cars between Chicago and Seattle-Tacoma

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The shortest line from Chicago to Seattle-Tacoma and the Orient





Saves Razor

Saves Shaver

Draw your razor blade between thumb and finger moistened with 3-in-One before stropping and after shaving.

This simple treatment makes razor blades stay keen four times as long. Shaving becomes simpler, easier; a pleasant performance. The painful pull is gone.

The reason is simple. 3-in-One prevents rust forming between the microscopic teeth of the razor edge. A few drops rubbed into the strop occasionally makes it take hold of the razor better.

Try and see for yourself.

Sold at all good stores in 1-oz., 3-oz., and 8-oz. bottles and 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans.

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BY THE WAY (Continued)

to a railway engineer. It accompanies a picture on page 337 of the "Railway Age" of August 25, 1923, showing huge masses of dismembered rock on a new link of the Santa Fé road: "Coyote Shot in Kingman Canyon Results in Large Fragments as Indicated by Comparison with the Figure of the Man in the Foreground." The layman might be pardoned for wondering why the shooting of an insignificant prairie wolf should bring about such general destruction!

From the Washington "Star:"

"No man is a hero to his valet," remarked the ready-made philosopher.

"It's not to be wondered at," rejoined Miss Cayenne. "Anybody who wants to be considered a hero ought at least to be man enough to dress himself."

"Newspaper English," which is perhaps a pretty close approximation to the vernacular of "the man on the street," is at its best forceful, direct, and with an element of fancy and humor. Here is an example culled from a sporting article in the New York "Herald:"

"Firpo is not a slow eater. If he were to comply with the American idea of eating in small bites and Fletcherizing his food he would not finish breakfast in time for lunch. He takes in a large gob every time he opens his mouth and he does not waste any time parking it. He requires but a few minutes to put away three or four steaks, a dozen eggs, a small basket of assorted fruit and some coffee."

From the Charleston "News" and Courier:

"Yassuh, we shuah has got a fine new minister; you oughter hear him pray."

"Can he pray better than the other one?"

"My, oh my, yes; he can ask for things the othah minister never knew de Lawd had."

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